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THE NEW **Summer Books**

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New Republican and Old Guard

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S new indisposition may be a trifling matter. Yet, as soon as he sees a doctor, the stock market gets the jitters and tongues begin to wag in Washington. People recall how much time he has spent away from the job—ill, convalescent or vacationing—and they ask again whether the President is really in charge, or whether he is merely the formal head of an administration which seems to be more the sum of its parts than a team carrying out a coherent presidential policy. Such questions have done much to diminish the President's once-overwhelming prestige; and in recent months his reluctance to fight hard for his own policies has been blamed less on his political inexperience—the common explanation in his first term—and much more on his physical weakness.

There is something in this gossip, though it does Mr. Eisenhower an injustice to put things this way. He has always seen himself as a commander-in-chief, the man who lets his subordinates get on with the job until a big policy decision, or an inter-departmental wrangle, demands his personal intervention. His illnesses have merely confirmed him in a role to which he was naturally inclined.

Yet the President cannot afford to let control slip away to Congress more quickly than it would do anyway in the fag-end of his term. His influence is fast waning, just when it is needed most if America is to have coherent policy-making. He wanted a big budget, and at the last moment put up some kind of fight for it. It was too late: Congress slashed the appropriations. He believed that the foreign aid programme should be sustained. Yet when, in the case of Poland, it came to the point of giving the kind of aid that the President offered last February, the loan was cut down to the size that the President thought Congress would accept without a fight. Last week the President made it clear that he thought some trade with China was now possible. Has he been willing to express that view as a policy? Not at all. His representatives in Paris fought to the end to retain the embargo, and he himself mistakenly insisted that it was up to Congress (in fact the decision is one for the President) to decide what modifications should be made. He wants more money for the U.S. Information Agency, for federal schools, for the rest of the "New Republican" programme. The old-line Republicans listen, do nothing, and go privately to the White House to tell the President that party contributors and workers in the country do not want his programme.

All this has put a strain on the President—the kind of strain that his backers chose to ignore when he was so cynically jockeyed back into office last November. He may be aware that American policy needs reshaping, that it looks more like a series of improvisations than a coherent effort to achieve the objectives which his election speech-writers at least had no difficulty in defining. But he does not seem able to impose a new pattern. The muddle in the Middle East is one result. The collapse of a Far East policy dictated by the China Lobby is another. A third is Mr. Stassen's attempt to do a limited deal about disarmament without revising any of the political assumptions upon which American rearmament rested, especially Washington's German policy.

Faced by an increasingly recalcitrant Congress, which knows what it does not want but lacks imaginative leadership, Mr. Eisenhower is in an unenviable position. Whatever his state of health, he remains President, and, though he can let Mr. Nixon shoulder some of the burden of public-relations—a task which fits in with the Vice-President's own ambitions—the decisions have to be made by the man in the White House. But what decisions? What, apart from good intentions, has the President in mind? The tragedy of Washington today is that the President does not seem to know—and that failure is reflected in the irresponsibility of a Congress whose leaders already have their eyes on 1960.

Comments on the Week's News

Mr. Marrinan's Telephone

The widespread alarm about the tapping of Mr. Marrinan's telephone has been a thoroughly healthy explosion of outraged public sentiment. It was touched off by a remarkable and praiseworthy degree of unanimity in the press: the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Daily Express* have stood shoulder to shoulder. As the shock dies down, it becomes clear that there are three questions which have to be answered in series. First, is the tapping of telephones a permissible police operation *in any circumstances at all?* To this the answer must surely be Yes—despite the disadvantages. Secondly, in what circumstances is it permissible? Few people will deny that it is a reserve power with which the state must be armed against espionage and treason. But if against treason, why not against other serious crimes—murder, say, or blackmail? And under what conditions of ministerial or parliamentary control? It is when one tries to draw the line that the hidden dangers become apparent. At present, the tapping of telephones is a matter for the Royal Prerogative exercised by the Home Secretary; and parliament might well consider whether this method provides the greatest possible protection against abuse, or whether statutory definitions (such as that which was used to permit the opening of letters in the enforcement of exchange control) would be a better safeguard than the personal say-so of a weak or overworked minister. Thirdly, is it tolerable that the results of telephone tapping should be used by any party other than the police, or for any purpose other than the detection of the crime which gave rise to it? Here the answer must be an unequivocal No. The tapping of Mr. Marrinan's telephone may yet seem to have been justified when all the facts are known: if it was not, it may have been no more than a nicely balanced error of judgment. But nothing can justify the gross infringement of individual rights which was involved in passing the results to an outside body such as the Bar Council, whose duties to the public do not include the detection of crime. The power of the policeman has increased alarmingly under both post-war governments. Mr. Marrinan's case illustrates how far abuse can go unless parliament and the press are unremittingly watchful.

Side-step to the Right

M. Bourgès-Maunoury may secure a vote of confidence for his new government but no one expects it to last more than a few months. It is a government manufactured for a purpose—to persuade the right wing to vote taxes for the Algerian war. M. Mollet knew that this could not be done by a Socialist Premier, and he suggested to President Coty that M. Bourgès-Maunoury—whose militancy over Suez and Algeria has endeared him to the Right—was the most suitable candidate. The result is a government which can do nothing about the real cause of crisis—the stalemate in Algeria. Indeed, the riots in Algeria this week have been timed to remind Paris that there must be no "betrayal": the old gang must go on because the Algerian settlers will not accept a government which tries to make peace. The only advantage of this side-step to the right is that it has liberated the more progressive Socialist and Radical ministers, who have refused to serve in the Bourgès-Maunoury government. At the forthcoming Socialist congress in Toulouse, therefore, the opposition to Mollet will have more room to manœuvre because the Left will no longer have hostages within the government, and because the government is no longer headed by M. Mollet. No doubt M. Mollet would like to come back as Prime Minister. But, meanwhile, there is a chance of rallying the opposition against an unending campaign in Algeria.

Canada Swings West

The sweeping gains by the Progressive-Conservatives in the Canadian election were as much a shock to the pollsters as to the Liberals. True, the minor parties—a scattering of independents as well as Social-Credit and the C.C.F.—created so many triangular and four-cornered fights that prediction was unusually difficult. But the Liberals have held office so long that their defeat seemed unthinkable. This complacency was one reason for their collapse: the other reasons are complex. First, the swing is in part an anti-American reaction. Many Canadians have felt that too much of their boom has been dependent upon American investment, and that too much of its profits have been flowing back to American interests. The pipeline controversy last year revealed this line-up, and the Progressive-Conservatives have made the most of protectionist sentiment. Secondly, the vote marked a shift in the political centre of gravity, away from the eastern provinces, and especially Quebec, and towards the expanding West. The influx of new Canadians—and not least the arrival of several hundred thousand conservatively inclined English immigrants since the war—is beginning to make itself felt.

Democrats at Work?

When Sir Roy Welensky and Mr. Lennox-Boyd issued the communiqué on their London talks last April they left their references to constitutional changes suspiciously vague. Now, with the publication of a bill to enlarge and amend the federal legislature, and with a speech by Sir Roy outlining the proposed federal franchise, suspicions are fully confirmed. The membership of the federal Assembly is to be expanded from 35 to 59, of which 52 will be directly elected. A two-tier franchise is proposed, under which the upper roll, with qualifications so high as to ensure complete European dominance in all constituencies where it is used, will elect 44 members; and in the other eight seats, which are to be reserved for Africans, these same upper-roll voters will vote alongside those qualifying for a much easier, lower roll on which as many as four or five per cent. of adult Africans may gain a place. In addition, two Africans from each of the northern territories, nominated by the Governor after indirect election from Africans' Councils, will have seats; and the European members "representing African interests," elected by the upper roll in Southern Rhodesia and nominated by the Governor in the other territories, will be retained. With only 12 Africans in a legislature of 59, and with the proportionate number of Africans increased only from a sixth to a still safe fifth of the total, it might be thought that the Europeans would feel secure. But, in theory, the 44 seats filled by the voters on the upper roll can be won by persons of any race; and lest the improbable should happen, provision has been made in the bill to nullify its effect. For every African thus elected, a deduction will be made, first from the number of seats reserved for elected Africans, then, when these are exhausted, from those for nominated Africans, and finally from those of the Europeans representing African interests. The purpose of this arrangement is said to be the gradual elimination of purely racial representation. Its effects are to reduce progressively the representation of the lower-roll Africans, and to ensure European domination of the Assembly for a generation or more ahead. This, then, is the pattern of the legislative body which is likely to exercise the decisive influence at the constitutional conference of 1960. These tortuous devices, according to Sir Roy, are "partnership" in action. Yet, even this form of partnership is too liberal for many of the Rhodesian whites. In a by-election last week Welensky's candidate was defeated at Mrewa by the Dominion Party representative, who openly supports Apartheid. As the Africans see it, whites who believe in Apartheid are sufficiently civilised to be given the vote, whereas the blacks who believe in democracy are denied it.

The Arab Roundabout

Last week-end in the Middle East saw a meeting between President Kuwatly of Syria and Colonel Nasser in Cairo, another between King Saud and King Feisal in Amman, the recall—at the request of the Egyptian government—of the Jordanian ambassador in Cairo, the expulsion of the Egyptian military attaché in Amman, the withdrawal by Egypt of General Hakem Amer, the Egyptian joint Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian-Syrian-Jordan military command in Amman, and finally the defeat of the pro-Egyptian party in the first stage of the Lebanese elections. All this can in a sense be dismissed as part of the small change of Arab politics. It has been clear ever since President Eisenhower first enunciated his doctrine that the pro-western elements in Lebanon had gained the upper hand; while last April's coup in Jordan was designed to establish the King's men—mainly pro-western and trans-Jordanian—in power and to oust the Palestinian Nasserites who were planning Hussein's overthrow. The developments of the past few days, in other words, fill in the details of what was already broadly established. There is, however, one especially significant feature: the widening of the rift between Hussein and Nasser took place during King Saud's state visit to Amman. No more vivid demonstration could be given of the ending of the Hashemite-Saudi dynastic quarrel. It is certain that Hussein's present line of paying lip-service to nationalism, while resisting Nasser and maintaining reasonably cordial relations with the West, has the blessing of Saud.

Mr. Kishi Goes to Washington

A Japanese newspaper recently published a cartoon of Prime Minister Kishi as Don Quixote astride a scraggy nag, facing a solid Eisenhower statue, while nuclear rockets whizzed past the Capitol in the background; and the questions now being posed by most Asian writers are whether Mr. Kishi's tour of India, Burma, Pakistan, Siam, Ceylon and Formosa has put any flesh on Rozinante, and whether the anti-American riots in Taipeh and the decision of various countries to modify the embargo on trade with China have caused the Eisenhower figure to topple. While a complete answer to these questions can only emerge when Mr. Kishi sees President Eisenhower later this month, the Japanese believe that they are in a strong position

to make demands which were recently only propaganda counters. First, Okinawa. Mr. Kishi will make this a main topic, and he has unanimous support for its return to Japanese rule. Secondly, nuclear tests. Again, public opinion is loudly on his side. Division in Japan arises on the question of support for China's membership of the U.N. In spite of talks with Prime Ministers Nehru, Nu and Bandanaraike, Mr. Kishi has announced that he believes this to be premature. Meanwhile the Socialists, wooed and won by Peking, actively campaign for China's membership of the U.N. They add: "There is only one China, and Taiwan is part of China." Mr. Kishi's talks with the President will involve walking a tight-rope stretched between Washington, Peking and Tokyo.

A Good Year for Coal

The National Coal Board, which issued its annual report and accounts last week, was able to record a most satisfactory year's work, not mainly because it made a surplus of nearly £13m. as compared with a deficit of nearly £20m. in 1955, but more because both production and productivity rose over the year. Manpower also increased, and less coal was lost through disputes than in the previous year. The important schemes of colliery reconstruction are now beginning to show their effect in higher output at the reconstructed mines, and should do so increasingly in coming years. The gains from this source already outweigh the decline in the productive capacity of older pits that are wearing out. The past year's surplus is, of course, due partly to the higher prices charged for coal; but the Board draws attention to the fact that in spite of these, British fuel prices are still substantially lower than those of other producing countries, while our productivity is the highest in Europe. The bad side of the coin is the continuing increase in the proportion of small coal, which is chiefly used in power stations, and the corresponding decline in large coal. These changed proportions are due chiefly to the changed technical conditions of production—that is, to mechanised cutting and haulage, which both tend to increase the production of "smalls." The Board is undertaking research with the object of reducing breakage by introducing improved machinery and is also developing briquetting of coal and is encouraging factories to make more use of "smalls." But there is an undoubted danger that the types of coal produced may increasingly fail to correspond to market demands, especially in the case of household coal. Apart from the proportion of "smalls," the prospects of the coal industry now seem to be thoroughly favourable, and the results already achieved as an outcome of capital spent in the past are fully enough to justify the £10m. investment programme which is planned over the next ten years. Critics of nationalisation should recognise that, in this industry at any rate, charges of bureaucratic inefficiency seem to be very much beside the point in view of the enterprise shown by the N.C.B.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Moscow

And Now the Writers

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: The recent meeting of the board of the Soviet Writers' Union was a very different affair than the congresses of artists and composers that preceded it by a few weeks. Those congresses were notable for the vigour with which the floor called for an end of petty tutelage and, in the case of the painters, for the ignominious defeat inflicted on the old office-holders. Both painters and composers returned to their studios with the assurances of the Central Committee, conveyed by Shepilov, that so long as they remained generally faithful to the principles of realism and party guidance they could work unhampered. The days of a single official style were over (for Socialist Realism is not a style) and no individual or clique had the right to pin pejorative labels on those whose approach to art problems displeased them. As for the party, it did not intend to dictate or coddle.

Another atmosphere, however, prevailed at the writers' meeting. A strong element of conservatism was introduced by provincial writers and critics, the changes in the leadership announced were cautious and the self-styled "progressives" maintained a stubborn silence in face of the attacks made on their "nihilism." Moreover, neither Shepilov nor Pospielov, who attended the meeting, appear to have made any major interventions. To some extent the character of the meeting was determined by the narrow scope of the agenda—to consider the development of Soviet literature since the 20th Congress. During that period, literary life has been swept by the hurricane of Dudintsev's *Not By Bread Alone*, and by many squalls set up by such writers as Granin and Kaverin, the editors of the *Literary Moscow* anthology, and the critics of *Novy Mir*. Today a body of opinion seems to have asserted itself in the Writers' Union, strongly supported by the party press, that, under cover of the attack on the "varnishing of reality" and sentimental gushing, a dangerous and demoralising nihilism is being advocated by writers who deliberately blind themselves to "the joyous, positive and wonderful there is in our life, in the deeds of the people" (*Pravda*).

It is tempting to compare the silence of the writers criticised at this meeting with that silence which Isaac Babel announced as a new literary genre in his speech to the first Writers' Congress in 1934. To do so would, however, be an oversimplification, a distortion, perhaps, of the present situation. One must make allowance for the jealousies and intrigues which run through literary life here, for the persistence with which a small group of party hacks are trying to regain their authority under the cloak of the "restoration of party guidance," for that violence in polemics to which Ehrenburg referred when he wrote: "I think the author of a book which one or another critic sees as an artistic failure cannot be attacked as an enemy. . . . We must not strike at our own people, for we have enemies enough elsewhere." The "progressives" do not feel themselves muzzled and they have today not the slightest fear of administrative action, though they are bitterly aware that they lack a platform in the press. (*Pravda*, for instance, summarised a critical speech by Marietta Shaginyan in the sentence that she had made "a muddled speech which evoked objections from the participants") Their silence in public may fairly be attributed to their fear of an embarrassing popularity. The experience of Dudintsev and of the producers of Nazim Hikmet's play on the personality cult "Did Ivan Ivanovich Exist?" has served to warn them that a section of the public, avid for anything *risqué*, can be relied on to read motives in their works which the authors far from intended. Hikmet's satire shows how a decent man with a soft spot for personal popularity can be destroyed by having his portrait stuck up all over the place and his every word accepted as divine truth. Some interesting writers here may well feel that the surest path to ruin is to become the idol of student youth and to be sought after by capitalist publishers. Moreover, no feeling among Soviet writers, of whatever school, is so powerful as their repugnance to providing grist to the mill of their country's adversaries.

Meanwhile, books are being published and widely read that are quite as frank as the "revelations" of a Dudintsev, a Granin or a Yashchin. Chakovsky's *A Year of Life*, for example, is a striking exposure of the heartlessness of local party and industrial management, while Galina Nikolayeva's *The Battle on the Way* contains a highly moving account of corruption in Beria's state security forces, providing, for the first time in recent Soviet literature, a truthful picture of the minds of those who, in Stalin's days, had to face the harrowing choice of losing faith in their closest friends or of questioning the very foundations of the Soviet state.

NEXT WEEK

The Paralysis of Inflation

a critique of government economic policy in the light of recent industrial disputes

by THOMAS BALOGH

Karachi

Shall Ever the Twain Meet?

A Correspondent writes: The over-all political position in West Pakistan is still hopelessly confused. The Muslim League continues to claim that it has a majority in the provincial Legislative Assembly, which has been suspended by the President. The Republican Party is demanding that it be restored to power, after which it will be in a position to obtain a comfortable majority. In the meantime the Governor is running the administration, in flagrant abuse of the spirit, if not the letter, of the constitution. The only way out of this stalemate is a coalition between the two parties, and it is to this end that Mr. Mumtaz Daultana, strong-man of the Muslim League in West Pakistan, is negotiating with the President and the Prime Minister. It is difficult, however, to envisage such a strange coalition, as both parties intend to contest the forthcoming general elections from different platforms, and hold widely divergent views on most matters.

In a spirited speech in Multan (West Pakistan) Prime Minister Suhrawardy said that he was in possession of information from "unimpeachable sources" that Communist elements and Indian agents were carrying on intense subversive activities in East Pakistan. Political observers say that he was referring by implication to Maulana Bhashani and certain left-wing members of the East Pakistan Awami League, who are violently opposed to Mr. Suhrawardy's pro-western foreign policy, and his staunch support of Seato and the Baghdad Pact. It is also strongly felt in Karachi that Maulana Bhashani and his supporters have been holding secret talks with Indian diplomats in East Pakistan, with the ultimate object of reuniting East and West Bengal.

The split in the East Pakistan Awami League

appears to be widening, with the announcement that its President, Maulana Bhashani, intends to form a new party, to be called the Krishak Samity (Peasants' Organisation) which will shortly launch a province-wide peasants movement as a protest against the government's failure to solve the food problem. Last week, for instance, the Maulana fasted while Mr. Suhrawardy was applauding the Baghdad Pact. Whether the two men, temperamentally so different and politically more and more divergent, can come to an agreement is being decided at the Awami League council meeting this week. It is a decision vital to both halves of Pakistan.

Belgrade

The Great Awakening

Ritchie Calder writes from Belgrade: With a great display of energy, Yugoslavia has been playing host to a thousand delegates, from over 40 countries, at the World Power Conference on "Power for the Underdeveloped Countries." The conference met in the splendid new hall of the trade union building, where the ordinary system of simultaneous translation was supplemented by breast-pocket receivers with which one could walk the corridors and still follow the proceedings. A huge new exhibition building with an aluminium roof-span, as architecturally intriguing and as engineeringly speculative as the Dome of Discovery, housed an impressive display of the country's power enterprises, and the delegates are now touring Yugoslavia studying the installations themselves. Hospitality has been on an equally lavish scale. So it was all the more regrettable that some of the guests were less gracious than their hosts and that the general goodwill and decent purpose of the conference was marred by the American behind-the-scenes move to bar Red China. This was especially deplorable because the World Power Conference has nothing to do with ideologies. It has U.N. status, but as a non-governmental organisation, with no reference whatever to the politics of the General Assembly or the Security Council.

One of the highlights of last year's conference at Vienna was the intervention of the Chinese, with their detailed papers and confirmable disclosures of their plans for a Yellow River development scheme. It was irregular: they were not members, but they were discreetly admitted as observers and the power-engineers of the world learned a great deal. The Americans, however, decided that it would not happen again. China applied for membership. The Americans entered a *caveat* and lobbied the other national committees in advance of the conference. There was talk of a staged walk-out, if the admission was even considered. It was not—by ten votes to nine, and with ten countries abstaining, consideration was deferred for a year. Britain was for China and, if the Norwegian and Pakistan members of committee had not been delayed, the American threats might have been put to the test. How absurd it all was! As a Yugoslav delegate said to me: "Imagine meteorologists refusing to chart the weather when it happens to come from China."

There was plenty of evidence of what Mr. Gunnar Myrdal, the retiring head of the Economic Commission for Europe, called the great awakening. He confessed, as other economists did, that conventional economics had neither a theory nor an insight which would serve when it came to meeting the insistent needs and determined purpose of those peoples who were once dismissed as "backward" and were now thrusting forward.

"National planning for underdeveloped countries cannot rationally be made in terms of costs and profits of individual enterprises," he said. "Profitability from a market point of view cannot be the criterion for investments whose main purpose is to create the external economies for industries not yet in existence." In all the discussions of nuclear energy, giant hydro-electric and multi-purpose schemes (flood-control, irrigation and generation), and even the less ambitious do-it-yourself projects, the engineers had all the proper answers. As Mr. Myrdal pointed out, there is only one real problem in the development of underdeveloped territories, and that is poverty. They are power-starved because they are poor and poor because they are underpowered. Impoverished, they have to use the most expensive form of energy-muscle-power. An eastern peasant expending eight hours of arduous labour produces the equivalent of half a kilowatt-hour of energy, while the American worker, at the flick of a switch, commands 50 kWh. It is as if each American worker had the services of a hundred human slaves. We heard about natural uranium, gas-cooled reactors of the Calder Hall type which, in improved versions, can provide the power needs of a large city. We heard about American "boiling-water," or "aqueous-homogeneous," or "organic-moderated" reactors. But the reaction of some of the delegates from the underdeveloped countries was rather like studying the Savoy menu and then asking for a cup of coffee. Please, they were saying, can we have something which will cook our meals so that we do not have to burn the cow dung we should use to manure our soil? Or thresh our grain when we cannot afford the bullocks? Or light our night-lights so that we can learn to read and learn all about aqueous-homogeneous reactors?

In the absence of China, the resonant, self-confident voice of Asia came from the lips of India. Professor Homi J. Bhabha had no doubt at all that India, short of coal, with little or no oil and measurably deficient hydroelectric potential, was going after nuclear energy as its power for prosperity. India has abundant nuclear fuels and the experts were readily convinced that it could command the know-how. In answer to those power-possessed voices which said that the underdeveloped countries could not risk costly mistakes in the atomic field and should be content to borrow (or buy) the experience of the atomic powers, Professor Bhabha said that if countries could not aspire to a full programme of their own, they should combine in projects as part of a larger economic unit.

There was no doubt the underdeveloped countries were sharply aware of their needs and of the runaway prosperity of the power-rich countries. The inescapable relation between consumption of energy and income-per-head was underlined over and over again. But, as Mr. J. Stanovnik, the Yugoslav counsellor to the Economic and Social Council, pointed out, to close the gap countries must have a national system of public facilities which are not directly productive (schools, irrigation systems, communications, transport), and this infra-structure of social engineering is a prerequisite of accelerated economic development. How is it to be provided? Private investment cannot do it. The International Bank advances its loans on "sound banking" principles. Mutual aid, technical assistance and the other post-war programmes have caught the philosophy but muddled the means. They have demonstrated that good can be done but almost by stealth or by pretext.

"Strictly between ourselves . . ."

Pacifism and Defence

I HAVE in front of me a letter from a prominent Conservative M.P. who writes: "The cessation of bomb tests we may get through fear of physical consequences and because they can be detected. But a reduction of arms can only be achieved by tackling their causes and inducing a greater sense of security. You and I have lived through too many disarmament conferences to believe in them any more. I remember watching Simon and all the rest bustling about in Geneva, talking of cruisers, tankers and gun-calibres instead of the reasons for their existence, until Hitler finally blew them out of the water. They are all nonsense, hypocrisy and humbug. The only hope is *disengagement*."

My correspondent adds that there is more support in the Tory party than we might imagine for the policy of disengagement advanced in this journal. They, too, want to test the reality of Soviet promises to evacuate East Germany if we do the same from the West, and to increase the uncommitted area of the world, composed of nations without nuclear weapons or binding obligations to either of the giant blocs. I am sure he is right. Policies that were dubbed "unrealistic" a few years ago, sound today at least more sensible than the present drift into H-bomb-armed camps, with the virtual certainty that sooner or later the truce of fear will be broken and the absolute certainty, admitted by all the experts, that whatever happens to the Soviet Union or the world in another war, Britain will be reduced to a radio-active heap of rubble. Privately, the thoughtful soldiers and sailors and airmen are just as horrified as the rest of us. They can quote the dictum of that least pacifist of soldiers, General MacArthur, that though the military machine will of course, as always, obey the commands of the politicians, no political objective can ever be again secured by a major war. War can no longer be "the continuation by other means" of the objectives of diplomacy; it can only destroy indiscriminately, political objectives and all.

At this point, a third, small voice interrupts the argument. Disengagement? Why then not total disengagement? Since we have it officially in the White Paper that no military defence is possible against nuclear weapons, and since nobody believes that "the great deterrent" can give more than a few years safety, why not at least consider whether there is not some non-military form of defence? The question has been asked in a new and challenging way by Sir Stephen King-Hall, who suggested recently in his *News-Letter* that "we ought to break through the thought barrier" and at least examine the case for psychological rather than material strategy. An ex-naval commander, he does not argue this on the familiar moral grounds of the sacredness of human life or the teachings of the New Testament, or even on the plea that we should "set an example" to the world. His proposal is that a Royal Commission or a committee set up by the Chiefs of Staff should consider realistically whether there is not a better hole than the one in which we are now seeking cover from the H-bomb.

The idea seems to have much to commend it, even in the highly probable event that no government would be prepared to take any such suggestion seriously. It might be possible, as some have suggested in correspondence and articles that have followed in papers as widely various as the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Catholic Herald*, and *Peace News*, to hold such an inquiry without official support. The difficulty is not, as Sir Stephen pleads, that it might involve expenditure of £10,000. A more important problem would be to obtain for such an inquiry people with sufficient standing: they must induce serious experts on military and psychological strategy to appear before them and they must command respect for their findings.

To my mind the general interest of the suggestion is not that such a body would necessarily reach agreement or make immediately acceptable proposals, but that the public would for the first time hear the issues genuinely presented by people without fixed ideas and with trustworthy information. They could cross-examine spokesmen from the Services and at least discover whether they have any hope to offer us beyond the despairing candour of the White Paper. They would similarly examine various groups of pacifists and find whether they had in their minds a national policy of non-violent defence or whether they were merely conscientious people who personally made up their minds not to take part in the business of disembowelling, poisoning and atomising which is modern war. They could explore the possibility of a union of uncommitted powers and go into the question whether Britain in the event of world war might not find a better hope of survival in the neutrality policy which enabled Sweden and Switzerland to escape devastation in the last war. The important matter is that, instead of these issues being inconsequently discussed in small meetings and in the correspondence columns of the more fair-minded newspapers, they would be scientifically and seriously examined. They would cease to be personal attitudes and moral gestures, and become the subject matter of widely reported public information.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

The Sick in Mind

IT is to be hoped that the report of the Royal Commission on the Law relating to Mental Illness and Mental Deficiency heralds a new deal. During the last few years, and especially in recent months, the subject of mental health has emerged into the daylight of public awareness. There has been serious discussion of the problems involved on television, on the radio, in the weeklies and even in the popular press—a welcome but belated recognition that this is one of our greatest social problems. The Royal Commission's report comes at an opportune moment.

Psychiatrists and others who work in mental hospitals have long been handicapped by having to function within a legal framework that is wholly out of tune with modern concepts. They are trying to operate a hospital service under laws designed for custodial care. The recommendations of the Royal Commission sweep away the antiquated ideas of the Lunacy and Mental Deficiency Acts and provide the blueprint for a service that could be an example to the world. In tackling the thorny problem of compulsion, the members of the Commission have reached a sensible compromise between the two conflicting interests of public safety and individual liberty. They recognise that some mentally ill patients will always need to be detained in hospital against their will. The numbers, it is hoped, will be far fewer than those at present certified. Legal certification is rejected, and the decision to recommend hospital treatment in such instances is to be the responsibility of two doctors, one of whom must be a psychiatrist. The simplified procedures for obtaining discharge, including appeal to the proposed review tribunals, afford the patient every reasonable protection against wrongful detention. All other patients will enter or leave the mental hospital as informally as if they had broken a leg.

The same procedure will govern the admission and discharge of the other two suggested categories of mental patient, the psychopath—to be recognised for the first time in law—and the mental defective. One weakness of the report is that the Commission failed to agree on a definition of either category, and it is suggested that they be left undefined in law. Parliament may be reluctant to leave the recognition of these types to the doctors and the courts, without any statutory guidance. The report recommends that defectives should normally be admitted for hospital care and training without power of compulsory detention. This reform, which does not require legislation, will remove one of the chief public anxieties about the present system.

There will be much discussion of the recommendations relating to psychopaths. Whether he breaks the law or not, the psychopath may be detained for hospital treatment if he is under 21, or required to undergo medical observation up to 28 days at any age. The courts are to be allowed to send any convicted psychopath for hospital treatment, where they consider this more appropriate than a prison sentence. It appears from the report that the term "psychopath" can include chronic alcoholics and drug addicts.

The evolution over the years of a civilised mental health service has been marked by periodic changes in terminology. The madhouse became the lunatic asylum; the asylum made way for the mental hospital—even if the building remained the same. Idiots, imbeciles and the feeble-minded became low, medium and high-grade mental defectives. All are now to be lumped together as "patients of severely subnormal personality." The insane became persons of unsound mind, and are now to be "mentally ill patients." As each phrase develops the stigmata of popular prejudice, it is abandoned in favour of another, sometimes less precise than the old. Unimportant in themselves, these changes of name are the signposts of progress.

The Royal Commission directs its recommendations towards two broad objectives. The first is the provision of adequate community services to enable those who do not need in-patient treatment to be treated in their own homes and in out-patient clinics and to be cared for in hostels. This should result in a steady decrease in the mental hospital population. Their other objective is to help the mental hospital to be a hospital in the true sense, and not a place where people are detained, and sometimes escape. It should be, and be regarded as, a refuge where the sick in mind come of their own free will for kindness and understanding, and relief from their often desperate anxieties. These aims will not be attained by the mere enactment of the Commission's recommendations.

To enable every patient to have the care, treatment and training that he needs will require an expenditure of money, a deployment of professional skills and a provision of training facilities on a scale far greater than the mental health services enjoy at present. How far does the size

of the problem justify the diversion of resources of this order? Over 200,000 hospital beds, almost half the nation's total, are occupied by the mentally sick. Schizophrenia alone accounts for more patients than any other disease, physical or mental. More working days are lost through neuroses than from any one physical ailment. Money spent on improving our mental health services would produce an economic as well as a social dividend.

There has been a good deal of publicity about the shortage of mental nurses, and the position is slowly improving. More serious is the shortage of psychiatrists. Gross medical understaffing has come to be accepted. In no branch of medicine is it more necessary for the doctor to have regular and often prolonged contact with his patient. Yet a single psychiatrist may have two or three hundred hospital patients under his care at one time. There is little evidence that young doctors are taking up psychiatry in any increasing degree. The fault lies largely with the undergraduate teaching hospitals, where the medical student is seldom encouraged to pay much attention to disorders of the mind. No one tells him that psychiatry offers possibilities as exciting as any branch of medicine, nor that as a specialty it is sadly undermanned. For those who are eager to take up psychiatry, post-graduate training facilities are severely limited.

If bricks and mortar cannot of themselves make a good hospital, standards are inevitably depressed in a building that resembles a prison, as do so many of our older mental hospitals. Mental patients, like the rest of us, tend to react to their surroundings and a cheerful atmosphere will always help recovery. However successful we may be in emptying the mental hospitals of patients, a good deal of new building is essential and long overdue.

The community care services are the responsibility of the local health authorities. In the past they have been permitted, and not required, to provide such services, which include aftercare for patients discharged from mental hospitals, training and supervision of defectives living at home, and advice to parents and relatives. The extent to which the authorities carry out these functions today varies greatly. The Royal Commission proposes that a statutory duty shall be laid upon the local authorities, and that the range of the services shall be much extended. Its members recognise that this expanded service will require a large increase in such trained personnel as psychiatric social workers and mental welfare officers. This is one of the most important recommendations in the report. It should greatly relieve the pressure on the mental hospitals and will cost the local authorities a good deal of money.

Perhaps the greatest need of all is for research. Our ignorance of the human mind and its workings, in health and in disease, is vast. Compared with the amount of research undertaken into physical disease, the scale of mental research is pathetically small. The psychiatrist is working largely in the dark. Many new techniques of treatment have developed in recent years, but their success still awaits scientific assessment. Research into group methods of psychotherapy could help to bring this form of treatment within reach of the many patients who need it. We need to know far more about the effects, good and bad, of the tranquillising drugs. The Medical Research Council, who spend about sixpence in every pound on research into mental illness, claim that not enough workers in this field have the experience and ability to justify more grants. If this is true some new incentive must be provided. There are vast unexplored territories of the mind to be opened up, and fundamental questions that demand an answer.

These are some of the pressing needs of the mental health services. Meeting them will be costly. If as a nation we are prepared to find the resources, the Royal Commission's report could be the signal for a great advance. For there is little doubt that its proposals will in general command the assent of both parliament and public opinion.

KENNETH ROBINSON

London Diary

I'M sure that Sir John Harding is honestly outraged by the use which the terrorists make of alleged British torture and strong-arm methods in Cyprus. Of course, the stories are exaggerated for propaganda reasons. I'm also sure that Sir John does his best to maintain discipline and prevent excesses. But it is not enough to be honest; it is also necessary not to be naive. Terrorism and torture always answer each other in fighting of this kind. People who believe themselves rightly struggling to be free increasingly resort to terrorism, just as in a full-scale war both sides move on by stages to such final iniquities as indiscriminate bombing of civilian populations. On the other side soldiers and police, whose comrades are shot or stabbed in the back, increasingly disregard "judges' rules" and use any method to extort confessions and break down the loyal resistance of witnesses. The notion that British police never do these things in dealing with terrorists—with the picture summoned up of the peaceful London bobby—is unreal. Sir John Harding should read the story of the Black and Tans in Ireland and consult some of the police who served in Palestine. The British are not really very different from other people. They may be slower than the French to resort to logical excesses, but it would be strange if there were no decent English lads who have moved with reluctance and shame into doing the things which innocent young French soldiers have confessed to doing in Algeria. I am glad that Sir John does his best to stop torture and that the courts are on their guard against extorted evidence. But the only answer is a political settlement.

* * *

What on earth is the Wolfenden Committee doing? A few months ago, when it was widely rumoured that the Report on Homosexuality and Prostitution would be out in June, editors were planning space for it and signing up "special correspondents." Now, according to the Home Secretary, we can expect it "some time this year." My guess is that the Committee, broadly in agreement about the law on homosexuality, is bogged down on the intractable problem of the female prostitute. Heavy fines and imprisonment provide a superficial answer, which no doubt has its adherents on the Committee. But everyone in his senses knows that this is merely treating symptoms, and doing even that in such a way as to worsen the disease. Meanwhile the citizens of one London borough are driven to open protest by a development that might affect any area scheduled for slum clearance. In a temperate and reasoned pamphlet, *Vice Increase in Stepney*, three local parsons, a woman probation officer, and the principal of an evening institute describe the effect of slum-clearance orders on tenement buildings. As the rehoused families move out, the pimps move in, ready with enormous rents for single dilapidated rooms, bringing the women in cars from other districts to solicit in the doorways, and surrounding the remaining tenants with an atmosphere in which their wives cannot go out without being accosted and special measures are necessary to protect their children. Thugs are within call to deal with any active protest from the inhabitants. The solution? On this the pamphlet has nothing to say, and rather seems to suggest that this is some one else's business. The Wolfenden Committee's? However, it has drawn attention to an aspect of slum clearance that the Committee may have missed. Either a house is fit to live in or it is not; and if not, it should not be given over to the people who are always ready to put prostitutes in anywhere, however short the lease.

* * *

This week in Paris, while Bourgès-Maunoury was trying to form a new government, a book appeared by the editor of *L'Express*, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, entitled *Lieutenant en Algérie*. This book is a product of the violent opposition between these two men, both members of the Radical Party. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber had the courage to criticise Bourgès-Maunoury for his method of war in Algeria very soon after he became Minister of Defence in the Mollet government. In a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Radical Party he said: "If our comrade Bourgès-Maunoury continues his policy of pacification and of silencing the press I suppose that the next congress of our party will be held in catacombs." By way of reply, Bourgès-Maunoury took advantage of a law for the mobilisation of specialists to send Servan-Schreiber to Algeria as a lieutenant. This proved a boomerang. Demobilised after seven months of active service, Servan-Schreiber started to write articles in *L'Express* about the methods used by the French army in Algeria and about France's inability to win this kind of war. Bourgès-Maunoury immediately tried to get the courts to convict Servan-Schreiber for "demoralising" the army and reporting untrue facts about its behaviour. Unfortunately for Bourgès-Maunoury, Servan-Schreiber's superiors and comrades in the army refused to testify against him; indeed, in spite of official pressure they wrote letters expressing their agreement with the offending articles. The book, which is published this week in Paris, includes many such letters from soldiers serving in Algeria. So it will be very difficult for M. Bourgès-Maunoury, even if he is Prime Minister, to continue his vindictive action against Servan-Schreiber.

* * *

When anyone speaks about the "no talking" rule in prisons, I recall James Maxton's story of Calton Jail during the war. He was "exercising" in the prison yard. With the technique of speaking out of the corner of their mouths which the old lags develop so that the warder doesn't notice, the man in front of him said: "What are you in for?", to which Maxton muttered: "Sedition." The old lag, with outraged contempt, replied: "Why didn't you marry the girl?" I am glad to hear that this particular form of communication, liable to lead to such misunderstandings, is now regarded by the Secretary to the Prison Commission as "clearly out of date and meaningless." One step at least towards the prison reform which Mr. Butler has promised.

* * *

I can see the difficulty of writing a countryman's diary is that everyday events are not credible. "Hi!" someone shouted, "there's a hare chasing a magpie in the field." "Oh, yeah," I said, but not two hundred yards off in the verge round a

field of young wheat, I was in time to see a magpie flap up from the long grass and a hare leap at it. The magpie flew up over the fence and was gone, but the hare gave a jump through the fence and was lost to sight. Explanation? I presume that the magpie showed interest in a litter of leverets. I went out to look but, of course, couldn't find them.

* * *

The recent congress of Soviet artists produced this story of an artist whose work was always accepted even though it did not seem to conform with the canons of the Gerassimov clique. His fellow-artists were curious to know how he managed to get away with it. This is what he replied: "I didn't want to tell you, but this is how it was. Whenever I paint a picture I put a little white dog in the foreground. The members of the jury of course always object to this. 'What's that dog doing there? Paint it out.' I reply: 'No, I can't do that. The dog is essential for the whole composition.' The members of the jury insist on the dog going. I refuse flatly. Sometimes the argument goes on for hours. Finally I say: 'Let me think it over.' A few days later I go back and say: 'Yes, you're right. I accept your critism, and I've painted the dog out.' And then they always accept the picture. They're satisfied and so am I."

* * *

"Your characteristically generous letter . . . . I greatly value your assurance of full support for our Government and party . . . . I am most grateful for all the help you have given in the House of Lords. . . ." From the Premier's flowery phrases one might imagine that some revered elder statesman was retiring after years of glowing public service. But in fact the phrases are part of the dismissal notices served on Lord Munster and Lord Hawke, two minor peers in their fifties of whom few of us have heard. If Mr. Macmillan really has to do these things with an air, I recommend the example of one of his predecessors who, after reshuffling his Government, wrote to a colleague: "Her Majesty has sent me the list of the new Ministers in which I see that your name is not included."

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

—— was saved by his exemplary character and prospects of entering the civil service when he admitted at Chichester indecently assaulting a girl now aged 15 on four occasions.—*Brighton Evening Argus.* (R. Allan.)

Every year we go to the same boarding house in the same seaside town for our holiday. We all enjoy ourselves—but oh, how I wish we could go somewhere different one year!—Letter in *Reynold's News.* (Joan Rank.)

When a husband appeared before the magistrates at Barnsley, Yorks, his wife said they had been married ten years and had had a lovely married life.

His solicitor said: "He is not interested in sex. He never has been. His only hobbies are gardening and taking his dog for a walk.—*News of the World.* (P. B. Pitman.)

All the same, the Duke is taking a tremendous personal interest in the exhibition. He has even ordered a last-minute change in title.

It was to have been called "The Duke of Edinburgh's Commonwealth Tour." Now it is to be: "His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh's World Tour 1956-57."—*News Chronicle.* (S. Croner.)

Barrack-room Ballade

Some commanding officers are said to have ordered the removal of all photographs from barrack-room lockers "other than those of the Royal Family." Mr. Amery admitted that "pin-ups" are supposed to be removed during inspections.

Can Glamour cheer the martial gloom
  Where luckless warriors sweat or scive?
The pin-ups of the barrack-room
  Are 40—18—35.

Too true was Aristagoras,
  Too fast the rose and lily jade—
The Indian pin-up Summers pass
  Whenever an inspection's made.

Sadly the soldier takes them down
  For fear the Sergeant should create
Mounting a high-explosive frown
  On 50—40—38.

Yet Chelsea Pensioners (whose sin
  The Army Moralists deplore)
Revere the name of Nellie Gwynn,
  Who was so exquisite a whore

And passed a universal test
  Long after Charles had gone to Heaven
Wherever grateful veterans blessed
  Her 40—16—37. . . .

But lesser men may still possess
  A pin-up from a Regal Line.
(Victoria's measurements, I guess,
  Were 60—60—59.)

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Illusion of Grandeur

"THE French," said M. Bourguiba, President of Tunisia, when I talked to him the other day at his home at Saida, overlooking the blue Carthaginian sea, "are suffering from the desire to be great, just as they were after 1870. This *colère*, this frenzy, this passion to assert themselves, to compensate for the humiliation of 1940, has gripped them ever since the Liberation. Since then they have been at war almost without a break: in Syria, Lebanon, Madagascar, Viet-Nam, Morocco, Tunisia, and now—for the past two and a half years—in Algeria. This is where they want to dig themselves in—to say the process can go no further. But, of course, it will go further. Nothing that the French can do can prevent the Algerians from asserting their dignity as human beings. Roads and ports and airfields are not a substitute for dignity. But French illusions make it impossible for them to recognise this, or to admit that they are making war on an entire people. They say—'Ah, it is Bourguiba; it is the Sultan; it is Nasser, or the Russians, or the Americans.' They think of Algerians as something less than human beings—something low, despicable. It is sad, but all this bloodshed in Algeria has been necessary—to prove to the French that Algerians are human beings; to compel them to respect their dignity.

"We Tunisians have tried to make things easier for the French. Our idea was to organise a state here which could serve as a model; to prove it was untrue that independence would mean anarchy, that the French would be thrown out, that we would turn our backs on France, and all that nonsense. We thought that, by showing how the thing could work in Tunisia and Morocco, we could remove French fears about Algeria. And, you see, the thing does work: there is not anarchy; the French who have remained are not unhappy. But the French have not learned from this experience. They are still suffering from the desire to be great; to demonstrate that '*c'est toujours la France*' by treading on other people.

"Indeed, things are much worse now than they were over a year ago, when Guy Mollet went to Algiers and was frightened by a few tomatoes. The French have become *plus reticents*. Twice, when we have tried to contribute to a solution, they have sabotaged it. The first time the army played their little game, by capturing Ben Bella; and Lacoste and Guy Mollet capitulated. Then recently we persuaded the leaders of the National Liberation Front, much against their will, to accept the principle of internationally controlled elections, subject to certain safeguards, if France would undertake to abide by the results. But Mollet never meant this seriously. His answer has been to try to weaken us by stopping our credits. There is little hope of any improvement coming out of the present government crisis. The Socialists have got themselves into an *impasse*: they couldn't bear that a government further to the right should achieve a reconciliation which they have failed to achieve. France is governed by the National Assembly; and the Assembly consists of little groups of people, all looking over their shoulders to see what the next group is doing, afraid to put a foot wrong.

"The Algerians, once they are free, how can they turn their backs upon France? They speak French; they read French; they make their propaganda in French; many of them know French better than they know Arabic. But they are determined to be treated as human beings, with human rights. The Sahara? How can the French hope to develop the resources of the Sahara without the friendship of the Algerians? The French minority, the '*ultras*,' would not try to carry on the war on their own account if the French government were resolved on a settlement, if it really made up its mind. That's what they said would happen in Tunisia and Morocco, but it hasn't happened.

"Fundamentally Dr. Nkrumah and I have the same idea: we want African liberation to take place on a basis of friendship with the West. We don't want the spread of Communism in Africa, or even the Egyptian form of semi-Communising neutralism. We are democratic because these are the principles we believe in—not in order to get dollars and aid from the Americans. Britain has liberated hundreds of millions of people in Asia, and Ghana is an example of the kind of relation which is possible in Africa. One reason why we want to establish closer relations between the independent states of Africa, beginning with this conference which we have planned to hold next October in Accra, is to ease the transition from colonialism to independence in other African territories, and to keep Africa aligned with the West. But French policy in Algeria remains the great obstacle in the way of co-operation with the West. The Americans, and the British, give partial support to France because she is an ally, while Russia and Egypt come down clearly on the Algerian side. This makes people say—'It is only the West that obstructs Maghreb indepedence.'"

These ideas of M. Bourguiba's seem pretty widely held in Tunisia. This is not surprising, since the Neo-Destour is a powerful channel of communication, through which the demands and views of the masses are filtered though to the President, and the principles of *Bourguibisme* are diffused among the people. I spent five hours recently watching this process at work, at the bi-monthly conference of the Sfax Federation of Neo-Destour, attended by ten committee members from each of the Federation's 72 branches. (To judge from the numbers, they

seemed to be mostly there—brown old farmers from the villages, merchants and teachers from the town, three women, a bit apart.) After the Federation's executive had made their reports—on the general political situation, finance, propaganda, youth, social conditions—the branch delegates had their say. They talked about the need to have a doctor on call all night in Sfax; about the importance of having more nurses in the Kerkenna islands; about ways of providing more schools for the Bedouin; about the lack of camp equipment among the *Jeunesse Destourienne.*

But the conference met under the shadow of worsening relations with France—with the blocking of credits, the increasing flow of Algerian refugees across the frontier, and, two days previously, the killing of six Tunisians and the shooting of the Secretary-General of the Tunisian Foreign Office by French troops near the Algerian frontier. (Barricades went up at once along the roads, manned by the National Guard and Neo-Destourians, to prevent French troops from circulating.) So there were also demands for sacrifices, and austerity, from the delegates: the women should surrender their jewels—as they willingly had in the days of struggle in the past—so that Tunisian currency could be liberated from the franc; there should be a total evacuation of French forces—even from Bizerta.

But these things were said with restraint. The Tunisians are pacific people, and would like to be left in peace to get on with the useful and interesting things they are doing—the scouts and the guides, the youth camps planting eucalyptus trees along the roadside, the new schools for delinquent children, *la lutte contre la voile,* and such-like. They have no desire to march. But no one really supposes that the present ambiguous, uneasy relationship between the Maghreb and France can endure much longer—with peace, or relative peace, in Tunisia and Morocco, and a war of extermination in Algeria. This is a contradiction which must, sooner rather than later, be resolved. And there seems little hope that the rulers of France, in the world of fantasy into which they have withdrawn, are capable of resolving it peacefully. What—a delegate at the Sfax conference asked—are the British doing to cure their friends, the French, of this frenzy—to help them realise that they must deal with the Maghreb in the way in which Britain dealt with India?

THOMAS HODGKIN

Gabès, June.

The New Unemployables

(By a National Serviceman)

EVERY regiment, like every dog, has its day. Usually it is tenuously connected with the musty memory of some obscure battle-honour of the Seven Years War—and everyone has the greatest difficulty in remembering where it was and what it was all about. But that, of course, is not really the point, for the anniversary of something like George II's cry of "Forward The Buffs"—when he was, in fact, addressing the East Surrey Regiment—is normally a military holiday. And in so far as the army is capable of celebrating, it does.

This year, however, it has not been quite the same: the fireworks went up in the air, the drumsticks twirled, the square was tattooed, and the Naafi actually sold spirits. But the masters of the ceremonies—the men with clipped voices and moustaches, the last aristocrats left in England—were not wearing their customary bachelor-housemaster smiles. Instead they frowned worriedly at each other, and their expressions apprehensively agreed that this might well be the last time. By next June some at least will have hung up their marching boots and have trodden in civilian shoes the down-hill road to a Bayswater third-floor back. Who these will be is now the principal talking point and "awkward-silence generator" of any mess. On the night of the regimental day itself, in fact, the forebodings produced a gloom that even whisky and hot punch could not dispel. The hard fact is that the higher echelons of the services, having always done rather well out of unemployment, are at last having to worry about it themselves.

A few weeks ago Lord Tedder announced to a disconsolate House of Lords that the morale of the services was "shattered" by the references to redundancy in the defence White Paper. It was not, of course, true. If Lord Tedder meant "officers" he should have said so, and he would then have been right. For the ordinary soldier, and even the veteran N.C.O., is not afraid of civilian life; the number of engagements that are prematurely ended, the part-time work done in the evenings (now tacitly recognised in Queen's Regulations), and even the large sums of £100 and more spent in "buying out" prove that. And certainly for the "other rank" there is no cause for any fear. As Mr. Macleod recently told the House of Commons, over 50 per cent. of those who left the services in 1956 had found civilian employment by the end of their terminal leave; and, at the end of the year, only 97 out of something like 100,000 had been unemployed for more than 12 weeks. The truth is that the British soldier, like the French waiter, is often living for the day when his life is his own and his time is his family's. For him the army is probably more of a prison than an asylum; and release (with pension) is the eagerly awaited reward of 22 years' good conduct.

With the regular officer the story is very different. Open any of the various ponderous military periodicals and the offers of assistance in the daunting problem of re-adjustment to civilian life rise up from every page. It is perhaps ironical that they should normally come from organisations that are themselves almost exclusively staffed with ex-officers; and certainly in the ante-room they are regarded with a derision similar to that which greets government assurances that regular officers are going to get a "square deal." For in the officers' mess, with its memories of the Twenties (the poultry farms, the encyclopædias, and the suicide leaps from high boarding-house windows), the situation today seems only too familiar. Any middle-aged officer (and the 7,400 regular majors are said to have no better than a 50 per cent. chance of survival) is prepared to recall ruefully the day that his father advised him against joining the army: "The old boy said it would happen, and it has: I only wish I had had the sense to listen to him at the time."

To Mr. Macleod the situation does not seem quite so grave. The failure, he thinks, lies with lack of information; he doubted (perhaps he has not read any military journals lately) whether officers were being properly briefed about resettlement. "It does not," he smilingly pointed out, "necessarily follow that Cheltenham or Camberley is the best springboard for an industrial career." To the army officer this seemed about as funny as a cartoon published on Easter Sunday which showed an officers' mess at breakfast, with a bowler-hat under each of the Easter eggs. For the regular officer, under the shadow of the sack, has few illusions; and sanguine government utterances about "industrial appreciation courses" and "Ministry of Labour facilities for practical training in business" leave him quite cold. "What's the good of going to a firm and saying, when they ask you what experience you've had, that you know about man-management?" "Yes," they say, "but what can you *do?*" "And the answer to that, as far as they're concerned, is nothing, so unless there happens to be a fellow running the show you were at school with you've had it."

To tell the truth, it is not really a question of experience. The army has always proudly asserted that it "shapes character," and that is just the trouble. If for 20 years you have entered daily in a games-book—almost as a religious observance—the number of man-hours spent in manly sports, it is not surprising if the world beyond regards you as an overgrown schoolboy. From another angle, too, the claim to man-management is a damaging one. In the industrial climate of today it is difficult to imagine any firm advertising the fact that its personnel officer has had the benefit of 20 years' experience of "managing men" in the army. When Major Sandeman-Allen, the former unfortunate Conservative candidate for Faversham, remarked that he was unable to understand allegations that he "could not mix on equal terms with some of his constituents" as he had been in the army for 13 years and had always "got on with all ranks," he said more than he knew. Somewhere—far away—a cat leapt smartly out of a bag.

To enable him to face the alien world that lies beyond the guardroom and the barrack gates the army officer is now asking for three things. The first is that the government should cease issuing genial statements and instead produce its practical proposals for implementing its premature retirement scheme The dilemma that every major and lieutenant-colonel is facing at the moment is whether it is better to make a dash for it before the managerial employment market is completely saturated, or to wait upon the government's compensation offer in case it turns out to be much more generous than anyone expects. The second demand (linked to the first) is that those who leave voluntarily after 20 years' service should (presumably because they have obliged the government by getting out) be compensated as though they had been compulsorily retired. If this is not done, the argument goes, officers may have to refuse chances of civilian employment that may occur during their last two years in the army, simply in order to protect their pensions. The third demand is clear and concrete. It is that the "special lump-sum payments," of which Mr. Sandys spoke airily in the House of Commons, should be calculated on the basis of five or six years retired pay and not, as has been the practice in the case of standard terminal grants, on a mere three years.

Considering the prospective plight of the applicants, these are not unreasonable demands, which might well be met. Naturally no one wants to burden the new defence programme with heavy retrospective payments, but even Victorian England realised that there were obligations towards old retainers. On one thing, however, we should all make up our minds: that this really must be the last time; and that the New Model Army shall not be so anachronistic in its organisation that its officers, the moment the epaulettes are removed from their shoulders and the glory has departed, become the waifs and strays of a democratic society.

The play's the thing...

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As Others See Us

THURSDAY was generally the day that my copy of the NEW STATESMAN arrived at the *kibbutz*. The treasurer used to bring it back from Tel-Aviv, together with all the rest of the mail that had arrived at our post-office box. But the first I knew of its arrival was through the sudden appearance of about 15 children, all grinning at me through the net door of my room and begging for the English stamps.

It was never the latest edition, as it was sent by ordinary post and arrived about five weeks late. Sometimes we envied the people in Tel-Aviv who could afford to buy their STATESMAN in the air-mail edition, almost piping-hot off the El Al plane at Lydda, and who had the leisure to argue about every dot and comma in the political articles and comments. But in one way our getting the paper late was an advantage. There is a certain comfort in reading about a tense international crisis after it has passed, and I must admit to a wicked feeling of satisfaction at reading prophecies that five weeks later had already been proved wrong.

The only disadvantage was not being able to enter the Week-end Competition. I always used to discuss this with other members of the *kibbutz* who could read English. There were seven of us in all, and we used to chuckle over the winning entries; but how sure each of us was that he could have been just that little bit wittier, just a shade more original!

I didn't get much time to go through the paper—usually half an hour or so between supper and one of our evening activities—and then David, an American boy who lived in the next hut, would already be knocking on the door to borrow it. And every week he'd accompany his request with the same quotation, spoken in what he thought was a good Oxford accent: "There is some corner of a foreign field that is forever England." David had studied economics in London for a couple of years before coming to Israel and he loved what he called "the crazy normalcy of the English."

In the winter he used to sit in my room or his, crouched over a kerosene stove, roasting home-grown peanuts in an old frying-pan and giggling over "This England." He never admitted it, but I think that "This England" was all that he read—you don't get much time for leisurely reading on a *kibbutz*.

When he'd finished reading, David used to pass the NEW STATESMAN to Amnon. Amnon is a German who has lived most of his life in Uruguay; and while he speaks many languages fluently, English is not really one of them. He is, however, a passionate theatre-lover, and in the mornings he'd finish his breakfast quickly and sit on his tractor, waiting for the members he had to drive to the fields and poring laboriously over criticisms of theatrical productions that he'd never have the opportunity of seeing. Afterwards he'd come to me and ask "What does 'torpid' mean?" or "What exactly is 'giving it the works'?"

After Amnon came Chaim. He used to work with Amnon in the orange-groves, and he'd do his reading in his ten-o'clock break. Chaim is an Austrian who worked on a farm in Shropshire during the war. He always enjoyed the NEW STATESMAN, especially Naomi Mitchison and the other pieces on agriculture in Britain. But his real love, and the thing that he awaited most eagerly, was the annual Wine Supplement. I don't think Chaim has drunk more than about ten glasses of wine in his life, and I'm sure he doesn't know the difference between Chablis and South African hock, but he used to sit eating his black bread and cream cheese and ruminating over the virtues of different vintages, for all the world like a Burgundian gourmet.

Shoshana took the paper from Chaim every week. She is a Brazilian who works in one of the children's homes. She used to glance through the "Comments on the Week's News" and look through the book reviews to see if there was anything on education. After that she used to tear some of the pages up, as she said that the paper was good for making *papier mâché* masks and dolls.

Gideon was always hanging round the children's home, partly because he was a little in love with Shoshana and partly because he wanted the crossword page. He's very proud of his English, which he learned during the time of the British mandate in Palestine. I don't know who taught him; but, in spite of being Palestine-born, he speaks English with a delightful Scots accent. Gideon would sometimes carry a particularly hard crossword around with him for weeks, and at odd moments he'd suddenly jump at you with "What's an eight-letter word meaning despair?" Once he completed a whole crossword, but by that time it was not five weeks late but five months, so he couldn't send it in. I think he still keeps it in one of his drawers, although Meir, his room-mate, tries to throw it away every time he cleans out the room.

When we'd all finished pursuing our favourite subjects in the NEW STATESMAN I'd take what remained and put it on a pile of newspapers and journals for use in the w.c. near my hut. (This is the only purpose for which the STATESMAN is somewhat inferior to many of its contemporaries.)

Now I am in England on a visit, and as I lie gently steaming in my Friday bath I revel in the luxury of the NEW STATESMAN, damp but up to date and all my own. Somehow I can't help feeling a little selfish.

RUTH CHOMUT

The Arts and Entertainment

Berlioz Triumphant

THE crime of Berlioz was that he dared to set the *Aeneid* to music; and it was for long agreed among all right-thinking people that the result, whatever incidental merits it might have, was a hopeless proposition on the stage. Received ideas die slowly; but after many years that prejudice, like Troy itself, has begun to yield. A great wooden horse, holding in its belly Mr. Rafael Kubelik, Sir John Gielgud, Professor Dent, Mr. David Webster and numerous other worthies, has breached the walls long thought to be impregnable. Suddenly the great city is ours; and amid the general rejoicings we shall soon be asking ourselves how it was that the siege lasted so long.

For, whatever critical reservations we may have about the drama and the music of *Les Troyens*, or about its interpretation at Covent Garden, we could not well mistake the whole-hearted enthusiasm that greeted last week's revival. The general feeling was that a great, even if imperfect, masterpiece had at last received something like its due. Previous English productions—at Glasgow in 1935, at Oxford in 1950—had shown the way; but these were the work of enthusiastic amateurs, and *The Trojans* is a grandiose and spectacular opera which needs all the genius and talent that professionals can bring to it. From time to time the French have nibbled at it. No doubt Marie Delna was superb in the Nineties; no doubt Félia Litvinne made a heroic Dido at Orange in 1908; an old gramophone record still tells us what a thrilling Aeneas Georges Thill must have been during the Twenties. But these performances were widely spaced; either they presented the two parts of the opera independently, at long intervals, or they compressed them into a single evening by means of cuts far more severe (I fancy) than those now made in London. It is surprising, after all, how little cutting has been required in order to give the whole opera more or less as Berlioz conceived it. At Covent Garden the first two acts (*i.e.*, *La Prise de Troie*) are given complete without a break; while from the remaining three acts (*Les Troyens à Carthage*) some twenty minutes only have been excised. Thus, with three intervals of moderate length, the opera begins at six and ends before eleven. It makes a long evening, of course, but not one that should alarm a public used to uncut Wagner.

Are the rewards equal to those offered by Wagner? Here we come hard up against the fact that, to this day, Berlioz divides opinion more than any other composer of his rank. The answer must eventually depend on personal taste; but I do not think myself that any degree of familiarity with *The Trojans* will reveal in this noble and utterly original score either the inexhaustible musical interest, or the artistic homogeneity, of *Tristan* or *Götterdämmerung*. But music can be very fine without being so fine as that! And in truth the comparison with Wagner, though inevitably provoked by the similar grandeur and scale of the conception, is misleading. Everything in Berlioz's masterpiece—the style, the method, the atmosphere—is about as far removed from Wagner as it could be; and this is one of the reasons which has led to the long neglect of *The Trojans*. When our musical fathers looked at this epic, they were dismayed to find that it was written in barely disguised separate numbers, on a scheme not very different from that of Meyerbeer. At that time Wagnerian symphonic continuity had made the earlier plan of writing opera seem obsolete. But taste changes (as we can see in the present deification of Verdi); and the very feature that once made *The Trojans* seem old-fashioned now makes it fashionable. Moreover, pages which look intolerably bare in the piano reduction turn out to sound brilliantly on the orchestra. It is strange how one falls in love with Berlioz's peculiar harmony, and the peculiar spacing of sound among his instruments. Those thickly written parts for the lower strings, rumbling for instance below the nostalgic song of Hylas in the harbour scene; those repeated wood-wind chords that look so naive; those decorative flourishes for the violins; those sudden piccolo flashes like the edge of a storm-cloud: all these tell most powerfully in the theatre. Marvellous, too, is the harmonic sense displayed in such things as the great sequence of numbers in the nocturnal scene by the African sea: the Quintet in D flat major as Dido yields to her love, the F major Septet with chorus which paints unforgettably the seductive calm of the warm night, the sinking into the still deeper velvet of G flat major for the Shakespearean duet of the two lovers; then, as they withdraw (it was a fault of the Covent Garden production that they did *not* withdraw), the harsh D major/B minor of Mercury's warning cry, and the coldly implacable conclusion in E minor. For a similarly imaginative use of tonality we must turn to the Verdi of *Otello* and the Requiem.

Such pages have a chaste voluptuousness of sound altogether peculiar to Berlioz; and so potent has been the general effect of the Covent Garden performance that some listeners have been tempted to claim a lofty inspiration for the whole score. That is surely to go too far. There are dull patches, especially in the early Trojan scenes; and it is another peculiarity of Berlioz, often noted, that, when inspiration deserts him, he has none of the skill shown by lesser men in

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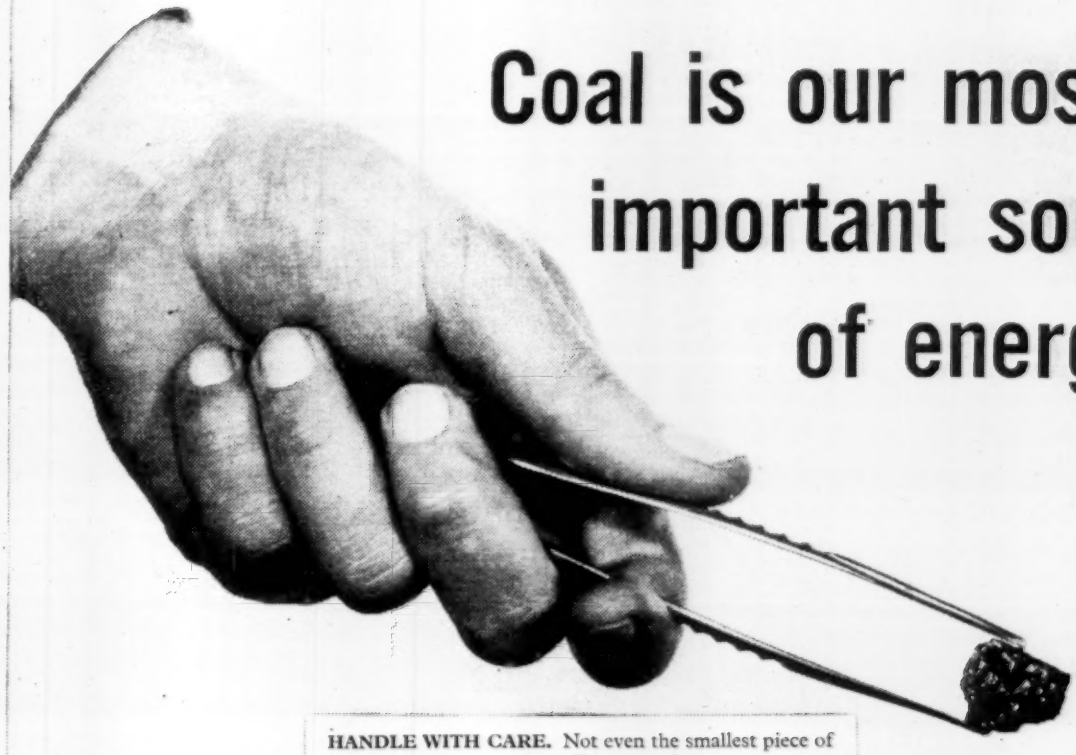

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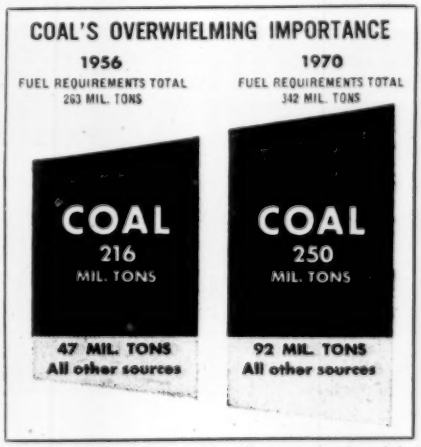
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disguising the moment of weakness. Corœbus, for instance, has no perceptible character, and the love between him and Cassandra remains shadowy and conventional—like a dull page of Meyerbeer. But Cassandra herself, with her terrible predictions of doom, has drawn some powerful musical ideas from the composer; and the Trojan people, in their short-lived exultation and their confused reactions to the phenomenon of the wooden horse, are portrayed with a mastery worthy of Mussorgsky. Yet the two most impressive scenes in the first part of the opera are almost purely orchestral; they are the mute appearance of Andromache and her young son, in mourning for Hector, while the clarinet breathes out phrases which seem to have been wafted from the Elysian Fields of Gluck; and the subsequent apparition of the ghost of Hector in the tent of Aeneas. Only Berlioz could have imagined such effects.

The Carthaginian episode begins with public rejoicings that may seem conventional, even prosaic in tone; but Dido's scene with her sister begins to touch the romantic note that is henceforth to sound through the music. It was sad that Miss Blanche Thebom should have conveyed so little of the majesty and pathos of this wonderful role. Aeneas is a splendidly vital and vigorous portrait of a man of action; and the part was well sustained by Jon Vickers, though he did not rise to the height of his great aria in the harbour scene. Dermot Troy sensitively caught the mood of the young sailor's song, and Richard Verreau excelled in the difficult stanzas of the poet Iopas. Lauris Elms and David Kelly did well as Dido's sister and minister of state; and in the first part of the evening Miss Amy Shuard sang more purely and expressively as Cassandra than she has done for some time.

To design *The Trojans* is a glorious opportunity for an artist. Mariano Andreu did not affront us with abstractions grotesquely out of keeping with the style of the opera, and some of his Trojan scenes, notably a temple, were quite impressive; but for Carthage he fell back on a conventionally picturesque manner which failed to convey either the grandeur or the poetry of the conception: Dido's gardens might have belonged to any first-class hotel. Sir John Gielgud's production had the great merit of theatrical good manners: he was content to allow the music to speak for itself; which, under Mr. Kubelik's direction, it most eloquently did. The latter is not so ripe a Berliozian as Sir Thomas Beecham; certain orchestral details might have been presented in more vivid relief. But he obtained a good ensemble and some glorious playing; and his general conception of the score was sound. The chorus sang splendidly; the most serious fault on the stage was the almost complete failure of the soloists to make their English words heard. In general, Covent Garden has covered itself with glory: to have produced such a *Trojans* and such a *Jenufa* in the same season is to have earned the gratitude of all opera-lovers.

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

Murder, Ancient and Modern

MR. RODNEY ACKLAND'S new play at the Piccadilly is most curiously named, because no theatrical secret was ever more disarmingly open. After the confusion and noise of the first 15 minutes, it is perfectly clear that Frederick S. Dyson is going to murder Miss Lummus for her money. Miss Lummus, as Miss Madge Brindley presents her, is straight out of Rowlandson and she has a deadly aim with her saliva. The rows of medicine bottles in her bedroom—for this is the most multiple decor ever seen outside a television studio—hint at arsenical poisoning, and like all other hints in this play it positively batters at one's belief. Nor do we have to wait long to find it confirmed, for presently Dyson is seen contemplating Miss Lummus while she is asleep. He may have been doing something more lethal which I did not notice, but in this kind of "set" not even so fine an actor as Mr. Paul Scofield can fill more than a corner of the stage, and the audience must have eyes like lynxes.

In brief, *A Dead Secret* is a *chose jugée* from the first act—and what is a dramatist to do with a *chose jugée*? Well, there is a certain interest in watching the inevitable work out; but here again it is obvious that the evicted tenants, cousins of Miss Lummus, are going to prove the niggers in the woodpile, and there are no flies on Harry Bowles. (This is a deliciously waspish vignette by Mr. Harry Bowers.) Dyson is soon in the coroner's court, and rather too long before the final curtain he is taken off by two plain-clothes men who did not look as if they could have put handcuffs on a mouse. The only remaining interest, therefore, is in the character of Dyson himself, and here Mr. Scofield comes magnificently to the rescue. With his sleek hair meticulously parted, his horrible moustache, the sinister workings of his jaw, his astrological fantasies and his self-destructive vanity, Mr. Scofield presents a complete portrait of criminal egoism. As a study in the seedy and the second-rate, it is a portrait worthy to be set beside Sir Laurence's Entertainer. But Mr. Scofield fills it with the dimension of danger and he conducts his schemes with a furious, yet contained, energy worthy of Richard Crookback himself. The bass register which served him so well in *Venice Preserv'd* again serves him here, touched with Yorkist or Lancastrian intonations. He moves through the play, wrapped in an immense solitude, and it is this absence which holds him apart from his wife, most beautifully played by Miss Megs Jenkins. Her curtain line is so obvious that you can sight it from afar, like the French coast on a clear day, but even so she contrives to make it real.

Mr. Frith Banbury's production has the right way with Willesden, but the trouble about Willesden is that no one wants to stay there for very long. However, the decor is so ingenious in its construction and so diabolically accurate in its detail that it just fails to depress; and Mr. Banbury secures a full-throated performance from his actors, with the right ear-splitting hysterics from Miss Jane Henderson. His incidental noises—piano-strummings and street music—powerfully assist the atmosphere. The most interesting scene is one in which Mr. Laidman Browne, as a prominent K.C. who thinks he is on to a good case, is discouraged from undertaking Dyson's defence. Mr. Browne's *tenue* suggests St. Margaret's, Westminster, rather than a busman's holiday in court, but his clear, resonant performance strikes the right note at a moment when Willesden is beginning to get us down.

Richard III may be a farrago of false history, but it served the Tudor myth and it still splendidly serves the stage. It is a long time since I have heard a play so well spoken at the Old Vic. Miss Barbara Jefford as Lady Anne and Miss Margaret Whiting as Elizabeth both bring to their parts the clarity which is the true savour of Shakespearean acting, and Mr. Gluckman as Hastings and Mr. Dodimead as Clarence are both admirable. Mr. Richard Gale as Richmond is also most attractive; St. George with a marcher accent, and we do not worry about Henry VII. Miss Fay Compton's Margaret is a collector's piece. The mezzo-soprano which ravished us in *Mary Rose* has lost nothing of its freshness, and its deeper notes have no need to crack with character-acting in order to convey the total implacability which the part requires. How sad that the locusts have devoured so many of the years in which Miss Compton might have given us a gallery of Shakespearean portraits!

Sir Laurence Olivier has really made it very difficult for anyone else to play Richard III; and this is hard on Mr. Robert Helpmann who has the power and personality to impose his own conception of the part. Taking Richard at Margaret's valuation, he gives us a "bottled spider" limping and slithering against the huge web which forms the background to Mr. Leslie Hurry's decor and which only yields, at the very end, to the rising sun of Tudor optimism. It is an interesting conception, but there is more than this to Richard. Psychology can play scurvy tricks with Shakespeare. The play may be a rattling good Saturday night melodrama, but it has at least the lineaments of tragedy, and Richard should move us to pity as well as to repulsion. The splendour of Milton's Satan must shine, now and then, through his villainies. With Mr. Helpmann the conquering charm is absent, and this makes nonsense of Lady Anne. He gets his laughs, but we do not laugh *with* him as we should. The performance has a rich vocal tone, although certain passages, like the first meeting with the lords and the cornering of Hastings, needed a more precipitate pace, and the whole needed more variety. The production has all the virtues of Mr. Douglas Seale's treatment of the Histories: strong, selective lighting and fine grouping against a sombre, simultaneous decor. And Mr. Hurry's profound imagination knows how to dispense with the merely handsome.

One need not be an Elizabethan Methodist of the Primitive Observance to appreciate the performances of Shakespeare which are given annually, under Mr. Ronald Watkins's direction, in the Speech Room at Harrow School. The semi-circular tier of seats and open platform are an excellent arena for a demonstration of Elizabethan stage-craft. This year the play was *Love's Labour's Lost*, and it did not ask for the reconstruction of the inner stage and tiring house. We were supposed to be watching a performance at Court, and although the play is a difficult one for young and untrained players, the illusion was passably sustained. Don Armado is a test for any actor, but Mr. Tate survived it very well, with a carefully mannered performance, and Mr. Ripley's bubbling, acrobatic Costard reminded a rather staid audience that a good time was intended to be had by all.

ROBERT SPEAIGHT

Two Exhibitions of Sculpture

WHY is it that the Germans feel a need to make such *emphatic* images? You find it in their films and advertising and stage productions as well as in their painting and sculpture. Love, hate, sex, sorrow, piety, envy, ecstasy, terror, are treated not as elements in a complex situation but as if a life was at any given moment the incarnation of one of these to the exclusion of all else. Their world does not consist of human beings but of allegorical figures embodying absolutes.

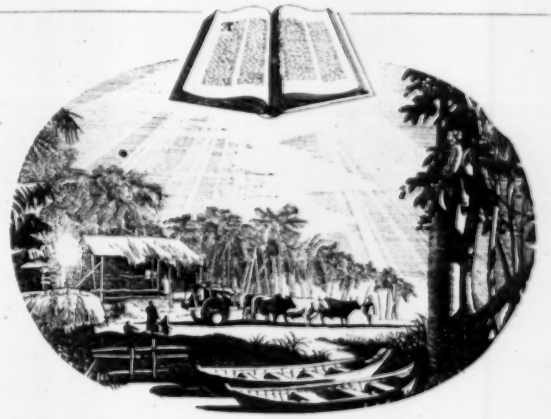
Such is the world, for example, of Wilhelm Lehmbruck (1881-1919), probably the most important of modern German sculptors, a sizeable exhibition of whose works can be seen now at the Tate. We have the impression that Lehmbruck, before beginning a work, knew exactly what single human attribute or mood it was to be endowed with—sexiness, sadness, tenderness (the range doesn't go much further). We also have the impression that he knew exactly what kind of beauty the work was meant to have. In consequence, although he seems to be trying to suggest that his personages are mysterious creatures, his work is quite devoid of mystery, because nothing seems to have been discovered in the making of it, the end having been too clearly foreseen. But there is also something positively disagreeable in these sculptures, which is the weakness and lassitude of their forms (as distinct from the lassitude of their gestures). It is not even as if there were a compensatory sensitiveness of surface: on the contrary, the surface is rather hard and unyielding, and this, combined with the firedness of the form, makes one look for the nylon strings that are holding the figures in position, preventing them from collapsing under their burden of feeling and longing. These figures seem incapable of supporting themselves in a normal human fashion simply because their physical structure as human beings has been forgotten in the effort to make them act a part.

The latest in the L.C.C.'s series of open-air sculpture exhibitions consists entirely of British sculpture, and contrasts the mid-twentieth century with the mid-nineteenth. The Holland Park site has been used much more skilfully than it was last time and the display of the exhibits could hardly have been contrived with more imagination or taste. It is only a pity that the exhibits were exhibited, though visitors can always amuse themselves by deciding which are the more horrible—the things presumably put there to please the Royal Academy and the Royal Society of British Sculptors, or the examples of work by our much-vaunted "younger sculptors." To confront two of the works given places of honour, Butler's monster of a woman thrusting her repulsive genitalia in our faces, and Chadwick's bits of armour-plating with the catchpenny title of *Teddyboy and Girl*—to confront these and reflect that the persons who produced them have won large international prizes is to realise that the international art world is mad, completely mad.

One of the depressing things about this exhibition is that the works by most of the younger artists seem so insolently trivial by comparison with those by older ones like Moore, Epstein, Dobson, Skeaping, Hepworth: whatever faults these latter pieces may have, they don't include a flashy meretriciousness. There are two serious sculptures by younger artists—Elisabeth Frink's *Warrior*, for all that it would be better without its head, which makes a fine piece sentimental, and Kenneth Armitage's lively, original, and very beautiful *Two Seated Figures*. There might have been another such work if Eduardo Paolozzi had not, heaven knows why, been left out.

The Victorian statues are innocuous enough, even rather distinguished by comparison with most of the modern work. One of them, Durham's *Waiting His Innings*, has great sculptural quality as well as great charm. For the rest, one regrets the absence from this selection

THE BOOK *over Brazil*



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of the picturesque excitement of the Victorian sculptures at Crystal Palace, which the L.C.C. is allowing to moulder away unseen while it goes to the trouble of exhibiting worthless sculpture elsewhere.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Fat Year

JAZZ—nobody knows why—works to a seasonal rhythm, and the off season has just begun. The last of the American visitors has gone back, the catalogues of the record companies are less lively, and the only event of real interest, but to students of anthropology and business more than to those of the arts, is the "Rock across the Channel" trip which an enterprising Soho club has sponsored, doubtless with great success. The air is filled with the noise of skiffle groups and bands rehearsing for the trip to the Moscow Youth Festival, for peaceful coexistence is winning some of its most striking triumphs among saxophones and guitars. A Mr. Vladimir Bolshachov has aleady protested that "it is not necessary to teach Russia the ABC of jazz music," and that, though he for one prefers Glenn Miller and some Louis Armstrong to Elvis Presley, "I can dance this notorious 'rock 'n' roll' and shall be able to do so for your delegates at the World Youth Festival, if they wish me to." I daresay they will. But the home front is quiet.

This gives the critic an opportunity to digest what has been the most bloated season of jazz within anyone's memory. American bands, books, and above all records have been pouring over the public like a waterfall. A single random issue of the monthly *Jazz Journal* reviewed 30 10- and 12-inch LPs, not counting the mass of 45 r.p.m.s and the declining old-fashioned 78s: and these are supposed to be *jazz* records, not pop music, rock-and-roll, or the various forms of exotic rhythmical music (chiefly Central and South American) which have also begun to win a public for themselves. The astonishing fact about all this is that demand has continued to run well ahead of supply, or at any rate of the limited, and rather monopolised, facilities for pressing records. Perhaps this is less astonishing when one is aware that a mass of adolescents spends an average of a pound per week per head on records.

A mass market cannot be adventurous. Sellers and buyers must rely on known trade-marks, for the public has no other guides through the mass of music it is offered. The trade-mark is normally a person, more rarely a band, for only one brand of jazz is sufficiently standardised and popular to sell itself under the simple label "New Orleans," as Rock-and-Roll is sold under its brand-name. On the whole "New Orleans" deserves its success, for though the artists who play it have mostly long been bored into a coma and a mass of dim stuff claims the name, it has character, an indestructible and melodious repertoire, and a whole world of dreams, heroes and allusions, like the kind of accordion music which recalls Paris to the expatriate crooks in the French films. Moreover, when played by the ageing men who created it, as on *Creole Reeds* (London HA-U2035), or even the later and lesser Wilbur de Paris band (London LTZ-K15024), even the most jaundiced critic will find it hard to resist. But frankly, the trade-marks are a nuisance. They have led to the production of a mass of records which have an automatic market among the admirers of particular musicians, whether or not they play specially well. It is pleasant to have twelve inches of Coleman Hawkins's saxophone, some of them splendid (London LTZ-C15048), and modernists know what they will be getting on *Interpretations of Stan Getz* (Columbia-Clef 33 CX 10082) or *Howard McGhee and Milt Jackson* (London LTZ-C15062). But clearly the small number of known names are turning out far too much. On record, at least, only two trade-marks are a wholly reliable guarantee of top quality. Any record by Duke Ellington, and any which includes the elements of the Count Basie rhythm section may be safely bought unheard.

The sellers of old and known names have therefore done well: new and experimental stuff has suffered. The conservatoire-trained and crew-cut Californians have not found a large public, except for the sophisticated and interesting chamber-music of John Lewis's Modern Jazz Quartet. Mr. Gerry Mulligan, a hero of "modern" jazz, played to an audience of a few hundreds in Glasgow. The provinces are admittedly a black zone for intelligent jazz of any kind, but even among the city slickers of London modern jazz clubs have wilted. Only the unfortunate players, forced to give out yet another chorus of Dixieland, have hankered after a little musicians' music, and mourned the death of one of the most notable artists in jazz who never quite made his popular mark: the extraordinary pianist Art Tatum, of whom we have a splendid memorial on Vogue-Coral LVA 9047 (*Here's Art Tatum*).

But the public has not been unenterprising. It has merely explored backwards and not forwards. The most remarkable phenomenon about the past season is a vogue created by the listeners themselves: the extraordinary popularity of the rhythmical and passionate blues. The skifflers have paid it the compliment of actually trying to make such music for themselves, and the largest movement of English amateur music-making in living memory has been the result. It is all the more remarkable, because it has spread among a public which is normally least given to making its own entertainment. It is a long time since popular taste has sought and found an idiom of hard, unsentimental, unsyrupy passion. It is an even longer time since it has found an idiom which appeals, in its modest way, to both the sophisticated and the simple. The Third Programme has paid its tribute to Bessie Smith; but this critic has also heard an audience of long-sentence prisoners in Wormwood Scrubs break into spontaneous applause not for the lively melodies of New Orleans, but for the harsh voices of Bessie Smith and James Rushing.

FRANCIS NEWTON

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Au Revoir—or Not?

INSTEAD of a spring-cleaning, television—especially commercial television—has a summer-cleaning. Viewers have not yet, thank goodness, been conditioned to spending all the long light evenings crouched indoors before the hypnotic screen; and this seasonal change of habit provides an occasion for "resting" a number of the serial programmes. Just now we keep on hearing: "Well, friends, this is the last of the present series and it's good-bye for now"—followed by an assurance, in tones whose brightness may sometimes disguise anxiety, that *they'll* see us again (not the other way about) in September ...

Unlike Duncan's, there is no deep damnation in these takings-off. I should be positively thankful never again to have to see *Spot the Tune!*, *The Adventures of Aggie*, *My Wife's Sister*, or *My Wildest Dream*, to name only four of the quiz or fictional programmes which seem to me to be most utterly and repulsively fatuous. *Aggie*, in particular, exploits situations of frenzied improbability with an unexampled poverty of dialogue and wit; it is produced by a firm called Mid-Ocean, and might well be dropped there.

But I shall miss *Under Fire* and *Member's Mail* and *The 64,000 Question*, which, for all its superficial meretriciousness, ties first in my estimation with *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?* as the most compulsively viewable, and solidly interesting, of the quizzes. It is strange how one's sympathies veer in accordance with the personalities of the challengers in this programme: usually, of course, one backs the challenger against the wealthy programme-company—but if he should be too cocky, should "play up" or grimace excessively in the sound-proof booth, above all if he should indulge in facetious back-chat with quiz-master Jerry Desmonde, then indeed one is not sorry when *hubris* gets its proper doom. One symptom of real sympathy with the challenger is that—especially if he has hesitated in giving his answers—one tries to will him to take the modest sum he has already won instead of risking a further test: I was greatly relieved recently when a telepathic instruction as intense as I could make it impelled Mr. David Cockerton, who was answering questions on Japanese history, to take the £400.

When *The 64,000 Question* comes back in September, I hope that Mr. Irwin will have thought of a "time's-up" gimmick less roguish than the big hour-glass that a simpering girl brandishes at Mr. Desmonde; the fact that he once had to break off after actually putting a question (which the challenger could have answered, though he failed to answer the substitute question the following week) illustrates the tyranny of commercial timing. I hope also that we shall have no more gagging intrusions by well-known comedians: Mr. Norman Wisdom is likeable in his place; but his place is not here.

Commercial timing is sometimes too tight; but the BBC is apt now and then to overrun in a way which didn't matter so much when there was no choice of channels. There was an agonising choice at 10 p.m. last Sunday. There was the last of the *Jack Jackson Show* series—the programme that I shall miss most of all, the zany, fast-moving programme that, with modest physical resources, most ingeniously exploits the technical possibilities of the medium. I wanted very much not to miss the last, for the time being, of Glen Mason, Paddie O'Neil, Joan Savage, and Jackson himself. But I knew that—having missed her visit to the Bedouin—I ought to see Jacqueline Mackenzie's special sort of travelogue on Rome. I decided to compromise by seeing the whole of her 15-minute performance and switching to the second half of Jackson's half-hour. Then some wretched earlier BBC programme overran, and she started seven minutes late.... Her impressions of Rome were ambitious and skilful: it took some delicacy to convey without offence, with gestures stopping short of mimicry, the piety of pilgrims kissing the foot of Peter, and she had material of

a safer and more familiar kind in fountains and statues. Miss Mackenzie's power of visual observation is uncanny. She seems, however, to have no ear at all for the Italian language.

It was a relief to be able to see the Krushchev interview without the interruption of commercials. Two revivals of cinema films in which these interruptions were particularly distasteful were of that superb thriller, *The Maltese Falcon*, and of the D-day-plus documentary, *The True Glory*. In the latter case, indeed, the chirpy jingles advertising detergents and toothpaste and shampoos, cutting brightly into the scenes of carnage, at Caen and at Belsen, were not merely annoying but obscene: so *this* was what they had died for. . . . For *The True Glory*, which I had half-feared would prove to be boringly dated, has retained its strength, its dignity, and its poignant humour. The liberation of Paris was more moving than ever, just because we now knew of the betrayals and failures to come.

But, if we are to encourage ITV to put on programmes of such quality that the commercials become incongruous, and if we then complain of their intrusion, what becomes of the whole basic idea of commercial television? Yes, precisely.

TOM DRIBERG

Desert Island Stuff

DESERT islands are with us; and should we ever be washed up somewhere, we'll know what to expect.

A rubber dinghy floats among the titles of *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison* (Carlton), and shores as soon as it's clear of them. Out scrambles the tough marine (Robert Mitchum), and within three minutes he has discovered the island's sole inhabitant: a nun. Every desert island has, or should have, a nun. But Sister Deborah Kerr, all in white, is reserved for Mr. Mitchum.

"Are you here all alone, ma'am?" he asks.

"With God," says she.

Then there's a wild pig's squeal. A turtle basks in the bay. Bamboo sticks must be sharpened. Soon the nun is picking up her skirts and, so innocently and sweetly, running. He makes her a comb. "Thank you, we don't use combs, but may I keep it?" He picks her a hibiscus flower. They have a cave to retire to in case the Japs should arrive.

There's some bathing, sunning, fish-grilling. "Why," he asks, "if it had to be a nun, should it be one young and pretty as you?" He asks her to marry him. "But I am vowed already." "Who to?"

What can be keeping those Japs? Ah, here they are, just when we were beginning to despair. They build a very elaborate camp, sip saki, play at oriental draughts, duel, take showers, and roar in Japanese. This gives Mr. Mitchum the chance to knife someone. Then, of course, he gets drunk, she runs out into the storm and catches fever, he has to undress her, but she will forgive. So it goes on to the bitter-sweet end, when he can show himself a wounded hero and she a comforter with a cigarette. . . . I am sorry to say the director of *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison* is John Huston.

The next desert island is of Edwardian vintage; and thanks to Barrie we have a butler instead of a nun. *The Admirable Crichton* (Odeon) has been taken fairly straight, as the Wilde for tots, or Shaw without offence, it is. The radical peer, the feudal butler, the ladies and the ladies' maids, play at one game in England, and the same reversed when their yacht gets wrecked in the South Seas. Kenneth More as the perfect butler who becomes the lordly Gov. and then back again —with a difference—is admirable as usual, helped by Cecil Parker as Lord Loam and Diane Cilento as the Tweeny. The spectacle of farce is nicely managed by Lewis Gilbert directing, and Emett provides one charming invention for the island—a gramophone worked by a small water wheel. In fact there's a lot of fun in this piece, some of it looking as if it might have taken place on the sands near Torquay. Is it or isn't it in character that the hero, when at last he gives notice, should open his hand to reveal a palmful of pearls he has brought back? We may leave it for Barrie fans to decide.

At the Curzon *The Aristocrats* shows a pillar of the old order deploring the vulgarity of his family and bringing them near tragedy by his intransigence. Pierre Fresnay moulds a comedian's stature to nobility, and tension thrives on humourlessness, with a sentimental escape in the notion that under playboy exteriors may survive virtue. The martinet himself stalks away to a monastery. One doubts whether Crichton would have approved of him.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

ENDING ELEVEN-PLUS

SIR,—Robin Pedley's picture of the Labour movement with its head in utopian clouds, unable to come to earth about comprehensive schools, hardly accords with the facts. Moreover large comprehensive schools are not a plank of Socialist policy; they are, rather, a creation of the Ministry of Education.

To take only one example, Middlesex (when under Labour control) advanced a practical plan for comprehensive schools with 570 to 850 pupils, using existing buildings. This was rejected in 1949 on the grounds that the schools would be too small and that there should be different schools for different "types" of children. The Ministry insisted that only experimental comprehensive schools could be allowed, so planned that they could be divided later if unsuccessful. Further, it assumed that these must have three "sides" and that only 30 per cent. of children would take grammar and technical courses. Calculations based on this doctrinaire notion, and on the proportion of children then taking advanced courses, inevitably suggested that, to have large enough sixth forms, comprehensive schools must have 1,500 to 2,000 pupils. (*Circular 144*, June, 1947.)

It is, of course, precisely this notion that has been upset by recent developments; notably G.C.E. courses in modern schools and the additional numbers staying on in bilateral and comprehensive schools. In fact there are successful comprehensive schools of 900 or less which reach standards as high as most grammar schools, as Robin Pedley himself underlined several years ago. All this makes nonsense of official statistics and plans, just as practical experience of selection has made hay of intelligence-test theory.

The task now is to clear up the tripartite confusion and so to plan secondary education for all that there can be a progressive and general raising of standards and of the leaving age—not only to 16 but eventually to 17 or 18. This the Pedley plan fails to take into account. The chief argument for it is that existing buildings must be used. But many schools for less than 600 pupils are modern and grammar schools situated close to each other in country towns; many others are boys' and girls' schools housed together in a single block of buildings in the cities. These can easily be amalgamated into fully comprehensive units of reasonable size, so avoiding unnecessary breaks at 14, 15 or 16, which inevitably penalise the less privileged child. Something like this was done in Anglesey which changed smoothly to a comprehensive system and abolished 11-plus in 1952.

A new stage has undoubtedly been reached. Arguments against the comprehensive principle have virtually collapsed at a time when popular protest against 11-plus is ever mounting. Doubtless it was the knowledge that present positions could not be held that led the Minister of Education to give ear to the Pedley plan. Better, perhaps, to concede something in the hope that it will prevent your opponents going the whole way; pensions provide another example of this tactic. So also the Leicestershire director writes that public disapprobation of the present system "continues to gain momentum and . . . unless some satisfactory alternative is devised local education authorities will be relentlessly driven

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to adopt the large-scale comprehensive school."

In fact the Leicestershire plan raises new problems in the effort to avoid the non-existent necessity of the giant school. But it has given a welcome practical lead and other schemes are also afoot. Romford, for instance, is suggesting the grouping of several schools in a series of comprehensive units and Birmingham is considering the whole question. It is to be hoped that practical projects for a changeover to fully comprehensive schools will now be advanced again elsewhere. Once it becomes generally known that 11-plus can be abolished in a few years, sufficient public support will be forthcoming to neutralise sectional pressures against this long overdue reform.

Leicester. JOAN SIMON

SIR,—Mr. Johns was correct in stating that the class structure among teachers was bedevilling education; and, unless the set-up is changed, Dr. Pedley's proposals will make matters worse.

The trouble is partly caused by tradition and the terms of the 1944 Act, which gave secondary schools smaller classes than primary schools; the main cause, however, is the present Burnham salary award. The system of special allowances and graded posts, with the heavy weighting given to older pupils, means that nearly half the salary of some teachers is a differential payment above the basic scale. The solution is to pay all teachers a proper professional basic scale, with severely limited and clearly defined allowances. In this way, we might help towards a real education, in place of the cult of academic ability which Mr. Johns condemns.

J. A. CRUSE

11 Hillside Gardens,
Wallington, Surrey.

HUMANISM AND THE B.B.C.

SIR,—At the B.B.C. it is apparently taken for granted that Christian books must be reviewed by Christians. I have recently seen a letter from a senior official of the Corporation, explaining why *Christian Theology and Natural Science*, by Dr. E. L. Mascall, was reviewed on the air by a Catholic priest. The letter said: "Father Bright was a very highly qualified scientist before becoming a priest. It would have been useless to give the job to anyone who had not both these qualifications, and no competent scientist would have accepted the invitation unless he had been a Christian, too."

Fair enough, perhaps. But let no one suppose that a narrow rationalism leads the B.B.C. to extend the principle, and conclude that humanist books should be reviewed by humanists. Recently an apologia for liberal humanism—*The Case for Modern Man*, by Charles Frankel, Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University—was reviewed on the Third Programme by a Catholic economist, Mr. E. F. Schumacher. His talk was entitled "The Insufficiency of Liberalism": the *Listener's* independent critic commented that "for sheer wooziness it would be difficult to better."

Professor Frankel's book has received high praise in the *Observer*, which described it as "a very fine piece of humanist polemic—as good in its way as Russell's *Human Society in Ethics and Politics*"; and it has been favourably reviewed in papers (such as the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Hibbert Journal* and the *Church Times*) that are not, in general, well disposed towards the views it propounds. Mr. Schumacher, however, had not a good word for it; not surprisingly, since, to a Catholic, humanism must inevitably appear as not only misguided but sinful.

But humanists are fair game on the air. As the B.B.C. regretfully admits, they have not even the "right of reply" when their views are attacked; a right which extends to all other -ists, not excluding Communists and astrologists.

Hope House, MARGARET KNIGHT
Bucksburn, Aberdeenshire.

SECURITY CHECKS

SIR,—If I still were, as I long was, a college tutor and university lecturer, and if I were requested to report on the political opinions or relations of my colleagues or those *in statu pupillari*, I should feel bound to warn them of the fact. When I was asked for testimonials or references on individual pupils I should use exactly the same discretion as if the general request had not been made. If all members of my profession would, as I believe, act on similar lines, such requests, however obnoxious, would be pretty innocuous and might soon cease.

IN LOCO PARENTIS

Oxford.

A DECIDUOUS FAMILY

SIR,—William Palmer was a damned blackguard, as I am at pains to show in *They Hanged My Saintly Billy*. Yet Attorney-General Cockburn reminded the jury at the Old Bailey of 1856—and the same sentence was echoed recently by Mr. Justice Devlin in a somewhat similar trial at the same court: "A man may be guilty of fraud, he may be guilty of forgery; it does not follow that he should be guilty of murder." That the trial was a travesty of justice, the three verbatim reports and the subsequent public outcry fully prove. Mr. Ralph Partridge, however, at first professes himself in full agreement with Lord Chief Justice Campbell and the jury, who hanged Palmer on the charge of murdering Cook by strychnine. Then he blandly changes his ground: he admits that no strychnine was found at the post mortem and declares that death must have been caused by antimony—because Charles Bravo was so murdered 20 years later! He omits to mention that only half a grain of antimony was found in Cook's body and that this was the reason why the insufferable Professor Taylor, chief medical witness for the Crown (who had first chosen antimony as the cause of death but afterwards admitted that one could take as much as 60 grains without lethal effect) switched to strychnine at the trial—on the wholly unscientific theory of "perfect absorption."

In antimony great though his faith,
The quantity found being small,
Taylor's faith in strychnine was yet greater
For of that he found nothing at all.

Professor Taylor had written to the papers, long before the case came up, that "Society demands a victim for this horrid crime." The money stolen from Cook's winnings was only a few hundred pounds, not nearly enough to cover Palmer's outstanding debts of £12,000, and Cook's death made him liable to the repayment of a large loan advanced on the security of Cook's name.

"A deciduous family"? Palmer's brother, whose life he had heavily insured, was an incurable drunkard, and admitted to two attacks of *delirium tremens*. A sister, uninsured by Palmer, had already drunk herself to death. His mother, three brothers and a sister outlived him. His wife's entire family—father, three uncles, and only son—all committed suicide in turn, so it is hardly straining my readers' imagination to suggest that she did the same.

Have I really, as Mr. Partridge claims, been wasting your time and my own by making such a pother?

ROBERT GRAVES

Deja, Mallorca.

COLOUR PREJUDICE

SIR,—Over a period of years colour prejudice has been mentioned and deplored by correspondents to your journal. Most writers seem to assume that it is a mental or emotional attitude which can be overcome by experience and reason. I suggest that it may be something less simple.

I can quote only my own case as evidence of my doubts about the nature of colour prejudice. I have a strong prejudice, manifested as physical revulsion, against (in this order) red hair, negroid features, florid skin, crinkly black hair, other crinkly hair. I am not repelled by black skin. I have always found dark-skinned Indians strongly attractive, and for years I had friendly associations with black skinned Australian aboriginees. I was astonished, therefore, upon meeting Negroes for the first time, to discover that I had a strong revulsion for them regardless of the degree of pigmentation.

As a nurse, I became acutely aware of these prejudices while handling the bodies of people of various races and colourings; being careful, of course, to conceal my feelings from my patients. No amount of reasoning on my part, or proffered love on the part of the red-heads, etc., has altered my feelings. The revulsion is strongest against adult males so probably has some connection with individual sexual selectivity.

Colour prejudice is becoming increasingly important and dangerous as more coloured peoples emerge to independence and equality among the world's nations. It can be treated only if its exact nature is understood. It is not enough that its worst manifestations should be controlled. While the underlying feelings remain they will find some outlet. It is time that colour prejudice received as much attention and research as a physical disease. Is this being done? AUSTRALIAN NURSING SISTER

N.S.W., Australia.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

SIR,—I am sorry that "K. M." should think I have "an unexplained chip on my shoulder" about THE NEW STATESMAN, and complain that I have therefore failed to mention that many distinguished people have written for it. But in what way would a list of its contributors, however distinguished, have been relevant in a biography of Bertrand Russell?

If I were asked to explain why I do not always admire THE NEW STATESMAN, I could find examples in K. M.'s review of *The Passionate Sceptic*. The review seems more concerned with my views on THE NEW STATESMAN than with my views on Bertrand Russell, which does not reflect the balance of my interests. I am accused of ignorance and lack of understanding about some important points, not because of anything I write in my book, but on the basis of some sort of mystic mind reading. ("Mr. Wood clearly thinks. . . .") As an example of "prejudices" and "strange chips on my shoulder," K. M. quotes my remark that the Fabians "almost exterminated the class from which the Fabians came." But this is little more than a paraphrase from a post-war appeal for money by the Fabian Society, which remarked

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that Labour's policy of redistributing incomes by taxation, however desirable, had hit severely the kind of well-to-do middle-class people from whom the Fabian Society had drawn its funds in the early days.

This is something on which K. M. should need no reminder, because it was to this class of people that THE NEW STATESMAN owes its existence. The point is of such interest and importance that perhaps I may be permitted space to quote from the evidence given by Mr. Kingsley Martin to the Royal Commission on the Press:

"THE NEW STATESMAN was founded by the Webbs and Shaws and other groups of Fabians, with no conception of ever getting their money back. . . . They lost a great deal of money; I have not worked out the figure exactly; but THE NEW STATESMAN and *The Nation* must have lost between them something like £100,000 before either made a penny. . . ."

Would it be possible to find comparable groups nowadays, who could provide £100,000 to launch a progressive periodical? Is not the virtual disappearance of "the class from which the Fabians came" a fact of tremendous significance in more ways than one?

Finally, there is one point on which I would like to remove any possibility of misunderstanding. K. M. says that H. N. Brailsford was chief leader writer of THE NEW STATESMAN, and probably chief perpetrator of what I "regard"—mind reading again—"as characteristic silliness." My respect for Brailsford will be evident to anyone reading my book: however much I disagree with some of his opinions, any impression that I would accuse him of "silliness" is one which I would like to remove with the utmost emphasis.

ALAN WOOD

AIRLINE SAFETY

SIR,—At the same time that pilots are raising the roof over "crew fatigue" caused by excessive flying hours, certain of the members of B.A.L.P.A. have agreed to operate the Viscount 800 on a "two-pilot" basis, excluding the radio officer previously carried, provided that they receive extra pay for thus reducing their safety margin by the loss of his services, and despite protests from other members of the Association.

Meanwhile the Viscount 700, still manned by a full crew, including the radio officer, maintains the standard, but for how long?

Red herrings galore may be strewn along the path in this connection, notably the one that the radio officer is useful only in so far as he is a specialist in morse. The Viscount 701 radio officer is a highly skilled airman in every sense of the word; he is the only officer aboard skilled in *all* types of communications, the only one able to service radio and electrics in flight, he is a walking encyclopædia on radio facilities, and he supplies to the captain a magnificent written weather service throughout the flight. Further, he is the third pair of hands and the third brain available when things do not go quite to plan (witness the captain of the Viscount which landed at Cazaux on one engine, and others), and last, but by no means least, he takes the work load which allows one of the two pilots to maintain a look-out; it is *not possible* for a crew of only two pilots to maintain a constant look-out on the Viscount 800, and I defy any pilot operating that aircraft to assert the contrary. At closing speeds of 600 m.p.h.-plus, increasing, this would seem a sobering thought, particularly when the Ministry of Civil Aviation, alarmed over the increasing number of air-to-air incidents, constantly urges the maintaining of a proper look-out at all times.

No captain operating the Viscount 800 on a two-pilot basis is able to deny there has been an inevitable reduction in safety standards, and in my view if the reduction amounted to but one half of one per cent. it is inexcusable where British airline standards are concerned. There should be no such expression as "the accepted risk" in aviation.

Pilots have been fighting this trend since 1950, and have remained adamant until recently, when it became painfully apparent that principle can be swayed by hard cash.

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BACKWARD CHILDREN

SIR,—The need for a comprehensive book on the "teaching of the backward child" is apparent. To help produce as effective a book as possible, I am proposing to edit a compendium and am inviting teachers to contribute on the particular subject which is their strength. Such articles should be by teachers with experience in any branch of backwardness from the primary E.S.N. school to the "C" stream of a secondary modern school. Such articles will also be considered for publication in our quarterly journal *Forward Trends*.

S. S. SEGAL

Guild of Diploma Teachers of Backward Children.
10 Fielding House,
Boundary Road, N.W.8.

COMMANDER KENWORTHY, M.P.

SIR,—Mr. Mallalieu is, of course, entitled to criticise the present system of voting in the House of Commons, and to admonish the League of Good Governments on its duties; but he is not entitled to distort facts. His statement in your issue of June 1 that my late husband, Lord Strabolgi, then Commander Kenworthy, "paid an agency to dig up questions for him whether he was interested in them or not" is completely false.

Possibly Mr. Mallalieu is right in saying that his questions bored the House—that is a matter of opinion. There are, however, those who regard Question Time as often the most interesting part of the day's proceedings.

But it is bores who, usually, are bored; and surely the greatest bore of all is the journalist who makes untrue statements because he has not fulfilled one of the most important journalistic duties, namely to check his facts before he puts them into print.

GERALDINE STRABOLGI

20 Collingham Gardens,
S.W.5.

ECHO OF AN OLD SIGH

SIR,—No wonder Mrs. Hyams ["The Echo of an Old Song," in a recent issue] had trouble in making herself understood—if you will go shopping among Spaniards with the aid of an Italian dictionary you are bound to come unstuck sooner or later! The Spanish for a fig is *higo*. I'll take Mr. Hyams's word for it that local pronunciation makes this into *hiho*, though if I were asked for that I should think that a child (*hijo*) was being requested. Bananas, incidentally, are just as masculine as figs—to wit, *plátanos*. Still, that I suppose is of very little consequence to anyone, not even the bananos.

NORAH LEGGATT

[Edward Hyams writes: So *that* was it! My wife has a mind above such distinctions, inventing her foreign languages as she goes—and generally being understood. Illiterate in Spanish, I have a good ear; Grand Canary islanders pronounce c, f, g, h, k and x as a sigh.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

FRANK BENSON

SIR,—I am at work on an authorised biography of Sir Frank Benson (1858-1939). If any reader has letters from Sir Frank, or recollections of him, I shall be very glad to hear the details. I will see that all care is taken of original documents.

J. C. TREWIN

15 Eldon Grove, N.W.3.

GRANVILLE-BARKER

SIR,—I am writing a thesis on Harley Granville-Barker's work in the theatre, and, in particular, his own plays. I should be grateful for any information concerning letters written by him, and for any personal impressions of his qualities as a producer. Any letters or material lent to me will be copied and returned as soon as possible.

ANNE V. LEVEY

Department of English Literature,
University of Leeds.

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Summer Books Supplement

LIVES OF GREAT MEN ALL REMIND US

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES of contemporary worthies, however foolish, lying, pretentious and banal they may be, never fail to hold the attention of readers like myself who are obsessively interested in the contemporary scene. Indeed, in a sense, the more foolish they are, the more enthralling. A Churchill with his rhetoric and cinerama technique soon palls, but a Clynes or a Halifax or a John Simon, a Reith or a Hoare—these are delectable. The grease-paint competence of the one (to Gibbon what Napoleon III was to Buonaparte) is contrived, and, therefore, in the end tiresome; the sheer artlessness of the others makes them an inexhaustible diversion.

The very volumes are in themselves attractive, altogether apart from their contents—bulky, lavishly illustrated, lush and expensive. It is this last quality, alas, which prevents one from possessing them for long. In the twinkling of an eye they find their way from a reviewer's to a bookseller's shelves. The turnabout is rapid indeed. I think with grief of the collector's pieces which might now be mine if only I had not succumbed to the terrible temptation represented by twenty-five shillings net.

As for the illustrations, they are often of equal, if not superior, interest to the text. I like especially the groups—the shooting, house or family parties in which our man is second from the left. And how fascinating it is to trace from a childhood photograph, through youth, young manhood and middle-age, the development of the finished product as known in the Athenæum, on one or other front bench in the House of Commons or the House of Lords; among the bishops or the judges or the generals, all who, as the dust-jacket invariably says, have "touched life at many points."

Events are liable to occur which seriously diminish, and sometimes abolish, old favourites. Consider, for instance, all that was lost when Nehru replaced British rule in India—Viceroys, Governors, travellers, big-game hunters, memsahibs even, evermore to hold their peace. Oh, I miss them. I miss the prone tiger, with the little group of topee-wearers and beaters in respectful attendance. I miss the droll sayings of faithful bearer or ayah, hilarious occasions in the mess, the lighter side of presiding over a district court.

Each colony and mandated territory has in its time, and according to its means, produced its autobiographical quota. Now, as one by one they go their separate ways, a desolate silence falls—no more from the Sudan, soon no more from Malaya. Zanzibar, Borneo, Mauritius and the Caribbean may still muster an occasional offering, but, by comparison with past profusion, it cannot be more than a faint trickle. Native talent, certainly, provides some replacement; Mr. Nehru and Dr. Nkrumah have shown the way. Yet somehow their work lacks the substance, the hand-woven texture, of older models, even though clearly based on them.

To compensate for these losses overseas, domestic production is, happily, booming. Politicians are harder at it than ever. What we lose on proconsuls we gain on Daltons, Alanbrookes, Attlees, Halifaxes, Shinwells, and a host of others, all gilt-edged. Montgomery is coming along, Waverley cannot be far behind, and, in the person of the Duke of Windsor, the royal family has broken into the market. Surely, Prince Philip, after his television performance, may be expected to produce in due course at least a volume of travel reminiscences. Professional writers have never been backward, and their current output is running higher than ever; ecclesiastics, trade union leaders and industrialists have maintained a good standard, and the Services continue to be prolific.

From wide reading in this field certain basic autobiographical patterns emerge. Thus there is the pattern of the poor boy who becomes a Cabinet Minister. He dwells upon his early privations in a mood which, from Rousseau through *David Copperfield* to Edmund Gosse and D. H. Lawrence, has become highly standardised. In the teeth of great difficulties he manages to get some education, casting a wistful glance in the direction of more favoured citizens who find their way effortlessly to ancient seats of learning. For him it is night classes, public libraries, and bookshops where the kindly bookseller allows him to continue to read a volume which he cannot afford to buy but in which he has become absorbed. I have sometimes reflected that if all the autobiographers who allegedly engaged in this practice really did so, there would scarcely have been a bookshop in the country in which they were not standing three deep.

In the case of the rich boy who becomes a Cabinet Minister, the pattern is the same, but in reverse. His theme is the essential simplicity of what might at first glance seem a somewhat grand household—the old nurse treated as one of the family, the austere living and high thinking of those for whom wealth was a trust and social eminence a responsibility. Name-dropping is softened by the use of Christian names—Jem Salisbury, Alan Northumberland—and there is generally a poor crofter knocking about somewhere in the background who, with the advent of Labour Governments, is liable to become an agricultural labourer. But it is dangerous to assume that all ancestral crofters are poor. I once made this mistake, and an apology had to be inserted to the effect that the particular crofter in question was, in fact, rich.) As for education, though expensively provided, it, too, is acquired with difficulty, quite possibly likewise involving expeditions to the Charing Cross Road. The very chapter-headings are often identical—"Early Struggles," "Marriage," "The House of Commons," about which both Right Honourable gentlemen are almost sure to say that it "has a way of mellowing its members however unruly they may be originally, of shaping them rather than being shaped by them."

Autobiographers of this type have to seem both extremely modest and extremely important at one and the same time; both with a taste for quiet retirement surrounded by their books, and in constant demand for the highest offices; both easily abashed, and ever ready with the quick quip and the moving peroration. It is the incompatibility between these two roles, farcical and even touching, which makes their works so delightful. One sees them guiding the destinies of the nation with skill and acumen, and one sees them as portrayed by that great practitioner, Ramsay MacDonald:

> When debates are dull and body and mind are weary on the green benches at Westminster, I can close my eyes and ears by reason of the fact that yesterday I walked over the downs . . . I can return to the Open Road, the Green Road, the Golden Road, the Road that winds upward from the inn door over the hills to the stars. . . .

They are wistful and shy, aware that the best things in life are the simplest and most private. Only the highest sense of duty induces them to appear at all upon the public stage; but when they do so appear they put up an impressive performance. For all, even their opponents, there is a kindly word. No index-watcher is turned hungry away.

These, of course, are standard products. There are also special techniques—for instance, Lord Beaverbrook's, whereby he manages to keep off-stage himself; to, as it were, hold his hand over the parts of his reminiscences about himself, like a boy at an examination fearful that a neighbour may crib from him. Every man the centre of his own universe. For Lord Beaverbrook the past consists of shoddy political intrigues concerning almost forgotten individuals like Carson; stratagems engaged in by Lloyd George and Bonar Law which, in retrospect, are seen to have little or no bearing on what was happening at the time, footnotes to a text which is not given.

It is, of course, madness on the part of those set in authority over us to undertake so hazardous an enterprise as writing their memoirs at all. Far better, from their point of view, like prudent Baldwin, to keep quiet. Yet, fortunately, they can seldom resist the lure of writing about themselves and their lives. To them, it seems so obvious that, because they have participated in great events, they must be able to write impressively about them, and to inflate their own importance by so doing. Long may it continue so. I for one am always ready to write that "no student of contemporary affairs can afford to neglect ——'s account of the period in which he has played so notable a part." Let us hope that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is making extensive notes, that Dr. Fisher will not be averse one of these days to writing his life story, that Sir Gerald Templer and Miss Irene Ward and Lord Kemsley will be likewise tempted. These are things to look forward to.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

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FABER

Over and Out

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Village Cricket. By A. J. FORREST. *Hale.* 16*s.*
Report from South Africa. By E. W. SWANTON. *Hale.* 16*s.*
Cricket Umpiring and Scoring. By R. S. RAIT KERR. *Phoenix House.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
Hampshire County Cricket. By H. S. ALTHAM and Others. *Phoenix House.* 30*s.*
County Cricket Championship. By ROY WEBBER. *Phoenix House.* 15*s.*
The Surrey Story. By GORDON ROSS. *Stanley Paul.* 15*s.*

Growing to boyhood after the first world war in a strongly radical family had several advantages. But the one I most appreciated at the time was the certainty that, morning after summer morning, the *Manchester Guardian* would arrive at breakfast time and that, in addition to much extraneous matter, it would contain cricket reports by the young Neville Cardus. Cardus was then so shy that he did not dare to join his august colleagues in the Press Box. He sat where he could round the ring, scribbling a series of paragraphs on to telegraph forms and breaking off from time to time to push a sheaf of them across the nearest post-office counter. He never saw one of these reports complete until he read it in the next day's paper.

But I thought that each report was a mellowed work of art, with golden phrases carefully weighed and moulded into a golden whole. I pasted them into scrap books. Re-reading them thirty-five years later, I see that the Cardus of those days was an artist who often imagined more than there was to see, and who so reshaped and expanded the characters of the Emmott Robinsons, Roy Kilners, Dick Tyldesleys and Harry Makepeaces that their original Maker would have recognised none of them. But I also see that those scribbled reports gave, and give, more of the feel of cricket than any writing before or since.

Today, it is not possible to throw a pebble on to a bookstall without hitting at least two new books on cricket. Fifteen such books have reached this office in the past few weeks, and I know that several others have been published in that period. More words are written about cricket in a single month than Cardus has scribbled in a lifetime; but from all these words there emerge few sparks and less glow. There are only facts without feel. That, of course, is all that Mr. Roy Webber, cricket's statistician emeritus, intends; and about the only fact omitted from his list is the highest number of runs scored by a batsman on a Tuesday when playing in brown boots. Facts, too, are all that should and do appear in Colonel Rait Kerr's admirable book on umpiring and scoring. But those beautifully produced histories of individual counties—Hampshire and Surrey are the two latest—should be written for everyone instead of just for a faction; and it is doubtful whether all these rehashed match accounts with which cricket correspondents now flood the market after every tour abroad should be written at all. I like to read in the following day's *Telegraph* what Mr. E. W. Swanton says has happened in the "middle." So, I believe, do those who were actually in the "middle" themselves. But I doubt whether many of us really want to pay sixteen shillings to have the same stuff between hard covers three months later. As for the active cricketers who are writing, or are having written for them, so many books just now, they may soon produce a variant of the Stop Press notice—Bad Writing Stopped Play.

From the current spate, I have found only two books of general interest. In *The Great Cricketer*, Mr. A. A. Thomson delves into the mellowed past to produce a full-blooded portrait of W. G. In *Village Cricket*, Mr. A. J. Forrest flits lightly over the private parks and public greens of England. I liked them not only because they are well written, but because each of them illumines a cricket subject which other writers have tended to ignore—umpires. Francis Thompson may not have been quite right in calling Grace the "long whiskered Doctor that laugheth the rules to scorn" but certainly strong-minded umpires were needed when Grace was batting. His reluctance to admit that he was out was so notorious that once, when his middle and leg stumps had been flattened by a yorker, the bowler, Kortright, said, gently: "Surely you're not going, doctor. One of your stumps is still standing." If the umpire was weak, Grace could sometimes preserve his wicket with a single glare as when, after a loud appeal from the wicket-keeper, the umpire had got his finger halfway up before he saw Grace's look. At that he turned scarlet, lowered his finger, jerked his head at the wicket-keeper and said: "Don't you mind him, Doctor. We none of us think much of him in these parts." To deal with Grace you had to be like Walter Read. "Shan't have it, can't have it, won't have it," shouted Grace when given out l.b.w. "But you'll *have* to have it," said Read.

Grace had his counterparts in village cricket. There was Forrest's blacksmith who refused to go out when he was caught on the boundary. Pointing to his stumps he said: "Ah dawnt boodge till them things is dahn, and mebbe not then." But village umpires could deal with him and any other opposing batsman. . . . "I runned him out good and proper," said a Great Bentley villager, speaking of Frinton's star batsman. "Oh, were you keeping wicket?" he was asked. "No," he said, "I was umpiring." With that particular umpire, Great Bentley could beat any team in the country. Other umpires played for their side more subtly. Instead of flagrantly giving the visiting parson out l.b.w. when he was not, one umpire would first look puzzled, then appeal to his square leg colleague who, of course, had to say that he could not see, and then appeal directly to the batsmen. Most men of God felt in duty bound to give themselves out. Still other umpires, in their anxiety to protect their own side's batsmen, overdid matters. "No ball!" shouted one umpire as the ball left the bowler's hand. Then to make doubly certain as the ball travelled on its way, he shouted "Wide!" But the batsman, too stupid to leave well alone, somehow got to the ball and was caught. "Hout and Hover," said the umpire in disgust.

Looking through the index of Rait Kerr's *Umpiring and Scoring*, I saw the entry "Unfair play—action by umpires," and hoped that it dealt with such matters as these. Unhappily it does not. So, though in general I now advocate a close season for cricket books, I do suggest that in fact there is room for one more. Its title might well be *Grace and Favour; or The Saturday Schizoid.*

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Armchair Endurance

To the Great Southern Sea. By W. A. ROBINSON. *Peter Davies.* 18*s.*
Escape of the Amethyst. By C. E. LUCAS PHILLIPS. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*
Cape of Storms. By HUGH POPHAM. *Hart-Davis.* 21*s.*
The Voyage of the Petula. By FRANK EVANS. *Hale.* 16*s.*
White Cliffs to Coral Reef. By WILLIAM HOWELL. *Odhams.* 16*s.*
Barenetha Rock. By STANLEY ROGERS. *W. H. Allen.* 18*s.*

Going to sea is an alternative way of life and one can think of many good reasons for taking to it in books if not in person. A test of endurance is the common motive in these six books. Mr. W. A. Robinson did not want to test himself for he had already circumnavigated the globe and written admirably of it in *Deep Water and Shoal.* But he had to know the truth about *Varua.* He built this 70-foot yacht in his own yard to the design of L. S. Herreschoff to be the perfect ocean cruiser. She is rigged with ingenious simplicity

to be sailed by two men as a brigantine in the trade winds or a staysail schooner for a windward passage. He decided to sail from his home in Tahiti 5,000 miles to Patagonia through the roaring Forties, having on board a Tahitian mate and cook, his nineteen-year-old Chinese wife and a little girl who had been given them for a present when they seemed childless—however, this was due to be remedied in Panama. Everything went to plan except that the roaring Forties failed them. Instead they met easterly gales and squalls that would have seemed the test to a lesser man or ship. They headed south among the fog and drifting ice of the Fifties. Here they encountered "the final test that *Varua* was built to endure", a hundred-knot storm with short, almost perpendicular, waves fifty feet high. *Varua*, perfectly steered, behaved with her usual precision, running before it under bare poles. The rest of the voyage to ports in Chile and up the Humboldt current to Peru, Ecuador, Columbia and Panama and so home to Tahiti, can't help being something of an anti-climax. However, the dignity, tact and indestructible good humour of the Tahitians make them agreeable cruising companions, and one enjoys their reactions to new places. I put *To the Great Southern Sea* first for the first-class pleasure of sailing 15,000 miles in a very beautiful ship under a Master who writes as authentically as he sails.

However, *Escape of the Amethyst*, told with impersonal skill in the approved style by Mr. Lucas Phillips, is an easy winner for sheer excitement. In April, 1949, the frigate *Amethyst*, looking as British as possible, steamed up the Yangtse to relieve the *Consort* at Nanking. She was engaged without warning by Communist batteries and received some fifty direct hits that killed 21, including her captain, and wounded 30 more. Driven ashore on Rose Island, still under fire, she was in a condition where ordinary men hand in their chips. But not the Navy. Lieutenant-Commander Kerans, from the Embassy at Nanking, after night marches between the two hostile armies, managed to get on board. He found himself captain of a fantastically battered ship forbidden to move by the superior force of a power with which we were not at war. For three months of high summer the ship's company kept up its morale while Kerans conducted Kafkaesque parleys with the Communists, who believed that time would secure an admission that *Amethyst* had been guilty of aggression. Everyone knows something of the impossibly successful escape down the Yangtse at night on July 30th. It now appears as no more than the proper climax to a whole summer of quite extraordinary bravery and endurance.

The three scientists of the *Petula* imposed endurance upon themselves by electing to tow a heavy raft at one and a half knots 2,700 miles from Dakar to Barbados. Only by moving very slowly and close to the sea could they make continual observations of air and sea temperature and the full range of sea-life. So Mr. Evans practised sailing for a day or two and they set off in *Petula*, a narrow 12-ton yacht built in 1895. They never came to like her; she rolled horribly and her accommodation was overfilled with three months' provision and a great many sorts of scientific equipment. Mr. Evans has an ear for recording the banter with which they kept themselves going—or, rather, not going, for it would have been easy to hoist the mainsail and sail fast to Barbados. Their engine had seized up, they had no electric light or radio, and they were uncertain of their longitudinal position, but they stuck it till the last 300 miles, when most of the recording equipment (but not the records and specimens) had been washed overboard in heavy weather. Now they hope their contribution to science is important. A pleasantly light-hearted book about a serious endeavour.

In a trawler everyone is worked to a standstill while fishing is on. But during the runs of a thousand or so miles out and back to the Arctic there is time for conversation. So Mr. Popham in a three weeks trip discovered a great deal

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about the personalities and opinions of the men who see the fishing industry from the floodlighted afterdeck of a deep-sea trawler—for fishing goes on through the continuous darkness of midwinter. The work is always harsh and uncomfortable, often dangerous, generally very well paid. For the skipper all trips are nervous. With no power of discipline but the sack he must keep a crew of toughs moderately contented; and he has got to find fish—two unsuccessful voyages and you're out. In this intensely individualistic industry loyalties are personal or non-existent. One regrets that Mr. Popham did not push his inquiries beyond this particular trawler and her crew. As a guest of the owners he has, I think, felt obliged to pull some of his punches. *Cape of Storms* just misses being an important book, but it is a sensitive study of the skills and fortitude of fishermen.

From Falmouth to Panama Mr. Howell sailed with Frank, whom he didn't much like. My sympathies are with Frank, for Mr. Howell's style is quite often unpleasant, whether he is writing roughneck prose or eviscerating a living shark for an experiment. (However, most of the fish we eat die that way and it's easy to see why small-boat sailors come to loathe sharks.) Like him or not, Mr. Howell's voyage from Panama to Vancouver by way of Tahiti and Hawaii was among the dozen really remarkable feats of single-handed sailing. It was made in *Wanderer II*, which Mr. Eric Hiscock (who should know) sold him as being too small for an ocean cruise. In fact, this Laurent Giles boat, 21 feet on the waterline, without engine or dinghy, proved wonderfully fast and safe. Mr. Howell had all the adventures —storms, calms, reefs, fever, a giant squid and invitations to Polynesian amours. Yachtsmen will be interested in the practice of self-steering off the wind under twin staysails.

Barenetha Rock never existed; it was a *vigia* with a reported position half-way between New York and Land's End. Captain Urquhart, of the sailing barque *Trimountain*, did not take it seriously, but on the night of November 24th, 1873, he felt strongly impelled to alter course to avoid it. Thus he was at hand to rescue the 80 survivors of the 12,000-ton liner *Ville du Havre* who had found refuge in the doomed *Loch Earn* after the collision between these two ships. For taking us out of ourselves there is nothing like a disaster with personal details of the people involved to make it more dreadful. Mr. Rogers's book is a fictionalised historical yarn. Like the rest of these books about other people's adventures and endurance it slips down one's throat as easily as an oyster.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Rowing Men

Henley Regatta: a History. By R. D. BURNELL. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

This is a monumental record of rowing, written by a rowing man exclusively for rowing men. Nobody, who has not travelled at least once in the first week of July over the "one mile and about 550 yards" of the Henley course propelled by his own exertions (and possibly those of a few others), can hope to appreciate the erudite text, although there are plenty of handsome illustrations for the uninitiated. (I particularly like the one of the author, gracefully saluting the camera from the craft in which he has just won the Double Sculls in 1948.) But, since the number of oarsmen who now row over the course every year must be at least a thousand, Mr. Burnell's exhaustive book should not lack for a select audience. Nothing however remotely connected with the regatta is omitted. After a short history of Henley town from Roman times, we come to the annals of the regatta itself. In 1839 some local tradesmen realised that their wonderful straight reach of the Thames, if properly equipped and organised, would bring customers to the town. From that date only international wars on the grandest scale have interfered with their summer business and the oarsmen's satisfaction. Henley has become a national institution; and even the august Thames Conservancy is induced to regulate the flow of the Thames for its benefit during that Holy Week.

Mr. Burnell deals faithfully and in detail with every regatta from 1839 to 1956, every outstanding crew or oarsman, every change in the rules and conditions, and every agonising race. In this, the longest row of his life, over the course of Henley history, he is wise not to attempt a racing stroke. But throughout his steady paddle he sits his boat perfectly, never hangs over the stretcher, never shoots his slide, never hits the booms and never loses his rhythm. What oarsman could hope to do better?

To think of Henley raises the old question: why should anyone wish to go to great trouble and expense for the dubious satisfaction of pulling an oar three hundred times in quick succession through Thames water before a host of spectators—at best tepidly interested and at worst skulking under umbrellas? A psychological study of the "team spirit" ought to devote a special chapter to rowing men. There is no money in rowing that I know of and little chance of individual renown, for it is the crew which wins, not the man. Yet there is never a shortage of volunteers for the boats. There may well be a Marxist answer, but I prefer a less mundane explanation. To be striking 36 after Fawley, even with a man you abominate just in front, an absolute fool at your back and your worst enemy in the bows, with all the time in the world at your disposal and your tongue lolling out like a dog's, is the nearest anyone can decently approach to singing in the heavenly choir. Especially if you can plainly distinguish the other crew's cox out of the tail of your eye—half a length behind.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Fortunate Isles?

Easter Island. By ALFRED MÉTRAUX. Translated by MICHAEL BULLOCK. *Deutsch.* 21*s.*

Rock of Exile: Tristan da Cunha. By D. M. BOOY. *Dent.* 25*s.*

Isle of St. Helena. By OSWELL BLAKESTON. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 21*s.*

The three islands have this in common, that each is the top of a volcano, each is as remote as it is possible to be in their respective oceans (but St. Helena and Tristan nearly spoil each other's chances by being only 1,200 miles apart), and each was inhabited by accident. Indeed, that they were inhabited at all is the most interesting part of their relatively short histories. For if, instead of lonely islands, they had been comparably inhospitable patches of ground buried in the centre of continents, they would probably have been bypassed. But the sea makes everything accessible, and the very isolation of these three specks in all that vastness made them infinitely desirable to castaways, solitaries, corsairs and whalers. There the resemblance ceases. Three totally different civilisations arose upon them. Tristan's is like St. Kilda's before its evacuation, primitive and shy but identifiably western. St. Helena has a society revolving round Government House. And Easter Island has an indigenous Polynesian population with a fantastic but forgotten past.

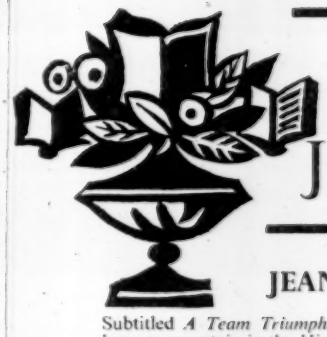
Easter Island is much the most interesting of the three, and Alfred Métraux's book is the most painstaking and original. He is a distinguished French ethnologist, able to challenge Thor Heyerdahl on his own ground. Basing his very different conclusions less upon the flow of winds and currents than upon the clues to be found in the traditions and manners of the modern natives, he believes that their ancestors came to Easter Island, island-hopping from Central Polynesia, as part of an eastward migrationary trend in the 12th and 13th centuries A.D. He rejects utterly the idea that Easter Island is the surviving

eminence of a drowned continent, or that the first inhabitants came from Peru. He explains the statues by a combination of temporary megalomania among the islanders and a stone, the volcanic tufa, which was exceptionally easy to work. Although he does not draw the parallel, it is clear that the carving and transporting of the famous heads was far less of an achievement than the building of Stonehenge at a comparable stage of civilisation. The statues do not weigh hundreds of tons, as has been asserted; the heaviest weighs about 50 tons, and the huge head now in the Musée de l'Homme in Paris weighs only about 24 hundredweight. They were not the product of years of labour by gangs of slaves, but of a few weeks' work by a team of sculptors. They are not thousands of years old, but a few hundreds only, the latest dating to well within the nineteenth century. Nor are they the relics of a miraculous culture. He allows then "a certain ponderous majesty," but little more, and we know that the society which created them had no knowledge of weaving, pottery or house-building in stone, and was cannibalistic, having "a simple liking for human flesh that could impel a man to kill for no other reason than his desire for fresh meat." (After all, man was the only large mammal available.) How, then, did it happen that these strange monoliths arose in Easter Island alone, and that the tradition was forgotten as soon as white men arrived? There are convincing answers to both these questions, but no reviewer of a detective story should strip the book naked, and this is a detective story, an extraordinarily good one.

Tristan da Cunha contains no mysteries. It is simply the top sliced off a volcano halfway between South Africa and South America, first colonised by shipwrecked sailors, and now inhabited by about 200 recognisably British souls. Mr. Booy was there during the war as a member of a party of naval telegraphists. They landed there in 1942, "in a mood of deep dejection," finding the inhabitants dull and distant, the island deserted even by its seals and birds, and stinking of rotten kelp. It was as gloomy a station as any in the Second War. But no book could have been written if that was all there was to tell, and a preliminary glance at the illustrations gives the game away. The islanders melted. Their plump daughters, whose heads had been bent low over their sewing, suddenly looked up at the sailors and smiled. Particularly at Mr. Booy, who was welcome in every cottage of the island's single village, and who mastered, during his sixteen months on Tristan, every facet of their work (stones, fish and potatoes), and every inflexion of their voices. Nobody is likely to write another book about Tristan, because none will be needed, the truth having now been established that remoteness, except on Easter Island, is the enemy of originality, energy and zest. Back in Surrey, Mr. Booy concludes, looking at his few mementoes, that "the island, with its handful of exiles, seems as unreal now as it did then. Its very existence is an anachronism."

The concluding words of *Isle of St. Helena* say the very opposite: "Had we travelled twice as far and stayed half the time, we would still have been uniquely enriched." It is good to find the book ending with so enthusiastic a bread-and-butter epilogue, because so much of it is a deliberate leg-pull. It is scarcely possible to be as amusing as Mr. Blakeston without making some fun of what the islanders treat most seriously, but his great merit is to know when to stop giggling. His sections on Longwood, for example, and on the old slave-trade, leave out the jokes which have no doubt been made by innumerable tourists with thinner taste. He can speak of the "mercy and majesty" of the island's landscape, and deplore the pessimism of those who say that everyone should be evacuated because the continued settling of St. Helena makes economic nonsense. The blending of his high spirits and his wisdom, his sense of history and his pleasure in living people, makes his book extremely attractive.

NIGEL NICOLSON



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WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON

Faces, Fiestas and Fiddle

Navarre—the Flea Between Two Monkeys. By NINA EPTON. *Cassell.* 25*s*.

The Road to Santiago. By WALTER STARKIE. *Murray.* 25*s*.

Spanish Sketchbook. By PIETRO ANNIGONI. *Museum Press.* 35*s*.

The sub-title of Miss Nina Epton's book is a description ruefully given to the medieval kingdom of Navarre by one of its rulers, the monkeys, of course, being France and Spain; and the account she gives of a journey through this region makes the pleasantest book of travel to come my way for a long time. It has the further advantage of covering what, for many readers, will be fresh ground. On the French side only Pau, with its glorious view of the Pyrenees, and on the Spanish only Pamplona, with the crazy rush of bulls at the fiesta of St. Firmin, are on the tourist track: other places of equal interest or beauty, such as Roncevaux, Estella, Olite or the Valley of Rose Citadels near Ordesa, have been strangely neglected.

What makes Miss Epton so attractive as a guide, apart from the felicities of her style and her solid, though never obtrusive, scholarship, is an immense vitality. Everything interests her: whether she is noting, with a keen but indulgent eye, the peculiarities of human beings, or describing the appeal of building or landscape, or skilfully touching in an historical background, she conveys the same feeling of spontaneity and delight. Nor does she spare herself, for she will climb six thousand feet first thing in the morning to witness a ceremony like the Tribute of the Three Cows, offered once a year to the Spanish people in the valley of Roncal by the French in that of Barétous, as laid down in their private treaty of 1375.

It will be lamentable if this delicious volume impels a horde of holiday-makers and their trousered ladies to the quiet valleys and mountains and villages portrayed therein: but, facing the peril squarely, Miss Epton even gives advice on buses, trains and restaurants. All in all, she is an exemplary author: I question only her statement that fish always tastes much better in Spain than in England. In Navarre it may, but she has perhaps never sampled the malodorous, gluey *merluza* that appears with every meal in Extremadura.

Miss Epton is artfully selective in her information: Dr. Walter Starkie is quite the reverse. It makes for a longer book if also a blunter impression. *The Road to Santiago* is divided into two parts, one dealing briefly with the legend of the Apostle James's burial at Santiago de Compostela and subsequent miraculous interventions in Spanish affairs: and the other, preceded ominously by a sketch of The Fiddle, describing the author's own experiences, religious and secular, as a pilgrim to Santiago from Arles in 1954.

In a melancholy passage Dr. Starkie regrets that the duties and exigencies of life today had made it impossible for him to retire to a cloister, as so many of the greatest thinkers did in the past; but the added warmth that creeps into his style whenever he writes of tavern, song or dance leads one to think the dispensation may have been a fortunate one for all concerned. He is, in fact, at his most readable in describing these, or the rich characters he met by the way. I would not exchange the delightful portraits of Don Pio, the eccentric doctor of Cudillero, or of Don Diego, the capitalist priest of Portomarín, for all the historical data and pious meditation.

There are a number of little surprises in the book. It is curious to find so many untranslated Spanish phrases in a work that clearly is not intended for scholars, and the narrative of a Spanish peasant rendered in a singular mixture of stage-Irish and the jargon imposed on the lower orders by authors of an earlier day. It is really puzzling to find the gipsies of Ireland confused, by such an authority on the race, with the tinkers. But it is a warm-hearted, warm-blooded chronicle, written by a man innocently pleased with himself and with others: the scrape of the fiddle with which he saluted St. James in Compostela will surely have rung as sweetly in Heaven as other, more orthodox tributes.

The best things in Pietro Annigoni's Spanish *Sketchbook* are the superb photographs by Mr. Alex Sterling: at least it is they, rather than the drawings, which give a sense of the country. In landscape Mr. Annigoni has some fine bold tricks with line and mass, but in portraiture he displays a weird gift for missing the essentials of the person: his horrible fisherman-guitarist of Toledo, for example, gives no hint of the courage, humour and resignation that Mr. Sterling has caught with his faithful camera. Indeed, the audacity of offering sketch and photograph side by side would seem, in this collection, to have recoiled on the artist.

HONOR TRACY

Pevsner's BE12

London: the Cities of London and Westminster. By NIKOLAUS PEVSNER. *Penguin Books.* 15*s*.

At first sight Dr. Pevsner's *London* is more confusing than London itself. No good just snatching at it to look up something. Say, one wants to find out what sculpture, if any, adorns the heights of the National Liberal Club. Index? None, except "Artists' Names." Things seem to be arranged alphabetically, but the nearest we get in one place is National Gallery and in another Newgate. Gradually we discover that the book is divided in two, with a City for each (three, as a matter of fact, because there's a South Holborn section, held over for convenience from Volume II—which appeared five years ago); and each division is sub-divided into a Cathedral, Other Churches, Public Buildings, and Streets. These sub-divisions are arranged alphabetically. It may sound complicated, and is.

Still in quest of those statues, one gets into the right city, but there's a good deal of hurrying to and fro before one finds under Public Buildings, Clubs—"National Liberal, see Whitehall Place, p. 585." "*Waterhouse*, 1894; keeps same height as Whitehall Court adjoining; inside, hall-marked by all-embracing use of faience." True enough. But I still don't know if there are statues, or whether—if there were—they dropped long ago into the Gardens. I suppose I shall have to go and look.

A few more such experiences will determine that the only way to tackle *London* is to read it, or at least read largely in it, and then one will be in a position to find one's way about. This I have done, and found—let me add—that this new guide does indeed contain what few such books do, a mass of new material. Most of this concerns Victorian London and the buildings put up since, including Churchill Gardens. It is pleasant to find a cataloguing and critical eye turned on the Embankment dolphins and Dolphin Square, the *rond-point* outside Buckingham Palace, the "ill-advised portrait in stone of a big gun" at Hyde Park Corner, the "earnest, thoughtful" look of the Prudential, the Government's behaviour over Carlton House Terrace, and the bravery of the Festival Hall. Dr. Pevsner seems to salute the last, out and in, though I notice he has no photograph. Most percipient Londoners, I think, would agree in preferring to that humped hangar the view of "Victorian Dutch" across the river the other way.

However, Dr. Pevsner has set out to enlighten as well as guide us. His lapses, in a book of over 600 pages, are comparatively few. Yet how easy it is, having sense on your side, to drop into nonsense! Take this (of new Government buildings in Whitehall):

> It is a style of timidity, of playing safe, of introducing just enough of the C20 to avoid being ridiculous and keeping just enough of giant columns. . . .

Yes, yes, we are agreeing, when these words follow:

> . . . of giant columns and other paraphernalia of Empire to stake the claim of remaining a great nation.

Now, what on earth has Empire got to do with it? Would the giant columns be any better if we still had it? And does H-bomb status give us the right to, say, a certain number of toga'd figures on Insurance palaces? The irrelevance is the odder because throughout the book the aim has been to sustain a purely architectural interest. Of course, few London streets survive this. In the Vauxhall Bridge Road "nothing calls for comment except the New Victoria cinema by *Trent* and *Lewis*"; but one should have seen this road at lighting-up time, when a man on a bicycle with a pole goes from lamp-post to lamp-post with all the bravura of a drum-major.

Dr. Pevsner's industry has been enormous: for periods, we are told, he walked 10 miles a day; and these walks took him indoors to discover staircases in Soho and Belgravia. The two London volumes are only part of a series covering all England. BE12 is their docketing, on the pre-title page, in the whole Pevsner scheme. Oh, it's easy to make fun, but really we're very lucky to have him!

G. W. STONIER

Ardours and Endurances

Things Worth While. By EVELYN CHEESMAN. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

A Fool Strikes Oil. By BARBARA TOY. *Murray.* 18*s.*

A French Doctor in the Yemen. By CLAUDIE FAYEIN. *Hale.* 21*s.*

Travel books bring vicarious adventure to those who must stay at home; that, we are told, is why they are read so much, and it may quite well be true. But they can do more than that. They may also bring a quiet glow of virtue as one feels that one is catching up on geography and world affairs and, when there is so much more to be learnt than there is time to spare for the learning, the harassed and the conscientious may relax with them without a sense of guilt. These three books all bring painless education. Oil in the Middle East is clearly a topical theme; Saudi Arabia is sprouting new refineries all the time, and a few more discoveries in the Yemen might bring that country to world importance overnight. The Pacific islands, where Miss Cheesman talkes us, may at first seem more remote, but in an age that preaches the political equality of all men it is sound to find out just how primitive and different some of these equals can be. For this alone these three books would be valuable, but they offer us still more. Their authors are brave and unusual women, and if one cannot meet them in the flesh it is good to have met them in print.

There is a photograph of Miss Cheesman as the frontispiece to *Things Worth While;* the courage and spirit which are implicit in her story are most strikingly clear in her face. For over 30 years she has been making lone expeditions to the wilder South Sea islands, collecting insects for the Natural History Museum. (She was in her seventies, and recovering from a major operation, when she last went back to the New Hebrides for a scientific tour.) Her adventures over the years, as she faces danger and illness and endurance, are the more astonishing since she herself treats them all as a matter of course. Her bravery is not the sort that screws itself up to make a noble effort on one supreme occasion, but the sort that takes danger in its stride and carries coolly on for months on end. She has a tremendous spirit, and years of chronic ill-health, of asthma and malaria and a crippling hip, are given the barest mention; when a nurse, in her hearing, says that the doctor gives her only half an hour to live, she brings herself back from the edge of death in order to point out to them that this was

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What is ageing and how is it measured? Did it evolve, and if so, how? Does evolution sometimes go wrong? These are some of the topics discussed in this stimulating book of essays on some of the central problems of biology. **Illustrated, 18s**

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Anthony Carson's

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Methuen

CONSTABLE

Sainte-Beuve

HAROLD NICOLSON

"Never has Sainte-Beuve's story been better told in English . . . What a life it was . . . Sainte-Beuve was no saint, even of letters, and the book is no eulogy. Yet 'assuredly he was among the most accomplished men of letters that any civilization has produced.' And nothing higher—or juster—could be said of this book than that it is worthy to rank with the *Portraits Littéraires*." *The Times.*

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The Unhappy Countess

RALPH ARNOLD

"No work of fiction could be more wildly improbable than Mr. Arnold's accurate and strictly factual account of this lady's career." *Times Literary Supplement.* "Here are all the ingredients of a three-decker. Frail virtue; big money; titles; crooked clergymen; venal governesses; intriguing botanists and footmen; wills and deeds executed, as often as not, under duress; abductions, elopements, flights and pursuits." *The Times.*

Illus. 21s.

The Girl in front of Cook's

REESE WOLFE

"A restless Californian mother brings her three children to France for a winter in the early twenties. The story is told in retrospect by her elder son, then sixteen. They are all of them transatlantic innocents without a notion of what France has for them. And in this lies all the fun and all the freshness. But it is the boy's experiences, or the lack of them, that leaves an ache for things long past." *Glasgow Herald.*

Illus. 12s. 6d.

7 Days to Never

PAT FRANK

"Here is a book that is as topical as tomorrow's news." *News Chronicle.* "Counter-espionage thriller, which supposes that Russia is poised to knock out America with strategically-placed monster bombs supported by rocket-bearing submarines. Well written, frighteningly circumstantial." *Evening Standard.*

2nd imp. 15s

no way to behave. "I was roused against the doctor for his presumption in daring to pronounce judgment on what was my personal affair." This independence of spirit serves her valiantly on her journeys, where in addition to everything else she must infuse some courage into her nervy and ghost-ridden guides. She does it all without turning a hair. On one occasion, on Waigeu where the people lived in dread of an evil and mythical snake, Miss Cheesman found a deadly boa in a clearing; she just had time to drive it into hiding before her porters arrived. "They none of them had any inkling of its presence, and when they sat down for a spell actually on top of dead branches above the snake, it did not show itself."

Miss Cheesman's main interests are entomology and the wild life of the tropical forest, but she deals incidentally with the different tribes she has met. For some time she worked alone in cannibal country, and she points out the difference between those who eat their neighbours merely for the delicacy of tasting human flesh and those who are driven to do so to make quite sure that when they have killed their enemy they have also laid his ghost. This is explained with complete detachment, though she was often in danger herself. Her accounts of some of the backward tribes must make one stop to think. Some tribes are naturally friendly and happy, others are haunted by vendettas and evil and ghosts. Clearly one must not generalise and see primitive man as by nature a noble savage, nor as always a poor wretched heathen. Some tribes lean to the one, some to the other, and some again produce a bit of both.

A Fool Strikes Oil is a very much slighter book Undoubtedly Miss Toy shows enterprise: how many people would think of sending a telegram to the King of Saudi Arabia, suggesting that they might be invited to his capital as a royal guest? Or, having done so, would be able to hold their own there, a solitary woman in an Arab world, when the surprising reply came saying yes? Miss Toy travels across the country in her Land-Rover, and she moves too fast to be able to enter far into the feelings of its people, but she gives a startling picture of the great wealth that is pouring into Arabia from its oil. She is interested, too, in the place of women in Arab society: it is a little mortifying to learn that the cosmopolitan Arabs, if they look for European wives, do not set much store by Englishwomen who are "trusting but rather dull."

A French Doctor in the Yemen takes us much deeper into the lives of the Arabs, though in Sana, where Dr. Fayein spent more than a year in practice, they are still living in a feudal, oilfree world. Dr. Fayein writes of the people she met in the harems, in the palaces, and in the slums. She writes with sympathy, and she writes well. She keeps herself in the background, and one would like to meet her more. It must have taken some determination, and a wonderful understanding on her husband's part, for her to tear herself away from her home and her children and go to practise her profession for a year and a half in this isolated place. She has a depth of compassion for all her patients, the rich as well as the poor, and it comes as a slight surprise to find that she is a Communist. "At one moment in Yemen I believed that God was possible and I loved a feudal country. Now I continue to be an atheist and a Marxist, but"—she tells us most engagingly—"perhaps I am a better one as a result of my temporary lapse."

JENNIFER BOURDILLON

ON THE BEACH

"A quietly and deliberately terrible book . . .

Nevil Shute

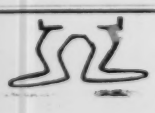
. . . by far Mr. Shute's most considerable achievement, on a bigger theme than most of his other novels and more sharply focused than some, executed with an even surer firmness of touch and at times profoundly moving." — M. R. RIDLEY, *Daily Telegraph.* 15s.

THE SHORT REIGN OF PIPPIN IV

Steinbeck

"Delightful . . . rapturously funny." —*Spectator.* "There is wisdom as well as wit in this Voltairean squib." —*D. Telegraph.* 12s. 6d.

HEINEMANN



Views from the Tree Tops

Mission Completed. By SIR BASIL EMBRY. *Methuen.* 25*s.*

The Walter Hagen Story. By WALTER HAGEN. *Heinemann.* 30*s.*

The Sword and the Olive. By SIR GEORGE RENDEL. *Murray.* 28*s.*

Vale of Laughter. By BEN TRAVERS. *Bles.* 18*s.*

To anyone who is excited by the life of action, even at the safe remove of cold print, Air Chief Marshal Sir Basil Embry's book will make a vivid appeal. Sir Basil has always been a downright exponent of the view (it is surprising to find that it needs so violent a defence) that the first requisite of an officer in the Air Force, however high, is first-hand familiarity with the latest type of aircraft. So he has never been chair-borne. He was still leading his group into battle in the last year of the war, having begun his training as air-crew in 1921. Besides being a pilot of exceptional courage (he has three bars to his D.S.O.) Sir Basil, one infers, was a brilliant direct organiser, a devotee of the Royal Air Force and a charmer (one may judge this from his photograph alone). This latter was evidently necessary, for his outspokenness won him as many official enemies as his charm won private friends.

An infectious love of living life at full throttle comes off Sir Basil's superficially reticent pages. His determination to make flying his life was formed at the early age of ten and was carried through in the face of strong parental opposition. And he seems to have loved and lived every minute of it from the day he stepped into his first Mono Avro. The new Royal Air Force was one of the great creative acts of the inter-war years, and to be in the centre of that creation was an excitement and stimulus for an immensely keen and devoted young man. Sir Basil communicates both the excitement and the devotion and makes even the routine of peace-time training seem the adventure that to his generation it undoubtedly was.

The war brought with it different kinds of adventures, and Sir Basil went through most of them. His escape after being shot down over France in 1940 is an extraordinary epic in itself. He led his squadron, then his wing, then his group over Norway, over France, over the Desert, over occupied France again, and finished up leading those astonishing operations in which various Gestapo headquarters in occupied Europe were individually bombed in order to destroy the records, thus saving the lives of innumerable patriots. After the war he became head of Fighter Command and finished up his career in an anomalous position in command of the Air Forces of NATO.

I have no knowledge by which to judge the rights and wrongs of the larger strategical questions and policy doubts which he raises at the end of his book. But to the layman his arguments seem formidable. One gets the feeling after reading this book, for all its traditional modesty, that one is reading the life of a great man.

Sir Basil is about as English in his reticences, in his sense of good form, his loyalties and reserves as a man could be. Mr. Walter Hagen, the golfer, is the very reverse, an uninhibited American of the conquering Twenties, nakedly and deliberately exploiting every facet of his talent and his personality with a naive delight in the success of it all; and this makes the Walter Hagen story one of the most enjoyable reports from the tree-tops that I have read for many a day (though naturally to share this enjoyment you must have some interest in golf).

In 1914 golf was still a pastime. Mr. Hagen was one of the first—perhaps indeed the first—to perceive that it was going to become an industry. He started as a caddy with a remarkable gift for the game and then he saw that in that vast, open, expanding society of North America there was a fortune waiting for almost anyone who set about almost anything in the right way. Having won the American Open at an absurdly early age, he conscientiously devoted himself to making his golf a money-spinner. He was acute enough to pick up out of the ether the wave-length of the twentieth-century equivalent of the philosopher's stone: it is personality in our day that turns everything to gold. So he deliberately created a myth figure, Walter Hagen, an outrageous but delightful character, with no manners but a great deal of manner, carefree, cheerfully insouciant, extremely prosperous and dressed in a dashing style, garishly startling for those conventional days of Lovat tweeds and frayed Harris.

Imagine, then, this bright and breezy transatlantic bouncer arriving in his long low shining Austro-Daimler with his chauffeur and his valet to compete in the British Open at the stuffy club-house at Deal in 1920. In England the golf was still a pastime and a pro was a pro. As he ascended the club-house steps with a friend he had brought down to try out the course they were met by a self-important little ex-officer with a toothbrush moustache.

"You're in the wrong place."

"This is Deal, isn't it?" I asked.

"Oh yes, indeed," he assured me. "But aren't you gentlemen professionals? You'll be using Mr. Hunter's shop for dressing."

"Well, pardon me," I said, and walked out in my golf shoes handing the other pair to my hired footman to put in the car.

It has taken a long time for the distinction between professional and amateur to blur off in England (if it has done even yet). But it was not, of course, only a question of snobbery. In England we were at this time, as I remember, still manfully battling against the tide in trying to treat games as simple pleasures, not as a branch of the entertainment industry or sources of international ill-feeling. The concept of amateurism was no doubt a casualty of the Great War, but it was also a good concept. However that may be, we seemed an intolerable lot to the free-and-casy Hagen. But he forgave us, and came back to win the Open no fewer than four times, and generously admitted that our windswept seaside courses were the finest in the world; they tested more surely than any others a golfer's final resources of control.

Mr. Hagen and his collaborator have recaptured in this book something of both the brash and the buoyant style in which Walter Hagen lived and played. For Hagen was not a mere

show-off, he was an immensely courageous and resourceful golfer blessed with a superb temperament, and he worked like a black behind the show for his success.

I have left myself little space to expand on the last two books on my list. They will each give pleasure to those interested in their different lines, without being exceptional or surprising. Mr. Ben Travers was the author of those splendid Aldwych farces of the Thirties, with Ralph Lynn, Tom Walls and Robertson Hare. *Vale of Laughter* will bring back pleasant memories to the aficionados. One pearl: "Nobody ever appreciated so well as Ralph Lynn how intensely serious is the job of being funny." (Modern actors and producers, please copy.) Sir George Rendel spanned, as a Foreign Office official, the great gulf. His early years were spent as a gay junior in the dazzling diplomatic waltz of Germany and Greece before the Great War. And he ended after innumerable spells presiding over commissions as Ambassador to Belgium in 1948. It is a record of a useful and no doubt interesting life but long years of writing balanced and impartial minutes have taken all the bite out of Sir George's pen. As an account of a series of important international events it is full; as a reflection of a personality it is void. No pearls.

RICHARD LISTER

Men and Women

Death of a Huntsman. By H. E. BATES. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Collected Stories. By VIOLA MEYNELL. *Reinhardt.* 18*s.*

Journeys We Shall Never Make. By MONICA STIRLING. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Adam, One Afternoon. By ITALO CALVINO. *Collins.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Making new tunes out of the old human predicaments—that, you might say, is the short story writer's business; and these several very competent collections show how well it can still be done. Even the predicaments seem to be new at times. What is always hard to find, though, is the really individual voice. How long would it take, how many lines of reading, before you knew that the tale in front of you was by Kipling, or Poe, or (today) Salinger, Pritchett or . . . ?

Primarily, it is the national differences that separate the four books in this list; after that, it is the author's temperament (or maybe temper) that sets the pace. Mr. H. E. Bates, for instance, is an old hand and can devise any number of new situations. But the impulse behind the four ungenial stories in *Death of a Huntsman* is the same: human enmity; women destroying men; the young destroying the old—or sometimes, less effectively, the old the young. In each tale, though the people are civilised enough, the point is emphasised by an episode of physical violence: a car accident, a death by drowning. In a Lawrence-like tale a night lorry-driver becomes involved with a young woman who wishes to rid herself of a ageing, "grub-like," invalid husband. In a Maugham-like tale, a shipping clerk on a tropical island is made the prey of a sophisticated woman tourist, temporarily out of marriage. In a more original tale, a sulking adolescent girl amuses herself by destroying an elderly country gentleman and his elderly woman friend. In the title story the angle is most oddly forced to make a middle-aged hunting gentleman once more the victim and the innocent. Mr. Bates suffers, of course, from his own unscrupulousness. Certainly he does not spare his writing, and the stories' moods reflected in the landscape provide many haunting or dazzling moments. But he gives the impression of neatly killing each story, as he ends it, with his own dislike.

The English short-story background is always rather worrying; it tends to disappear as you look at it—but basically it has always been either pastoral, provincial or polite (the country house in summer). Viola Meynell's *Collected Stories*

THE CLUB
Andrew Graham

An uproarious story of a critical year in the life of the True Blue Club in the heart of London, which takes us confidently past the head porter into the coffee room, the card room, the kitchens, the still room, and (of course) into the Upstairs Room, with whose chandelier and painted ceiling we are already familiar from the pavement.
Illustrated by Osbert Lancaster. 15*s.*

LORD NORMAN
Sir Henry Clay

"An important work . . . a vivid and intriguing picture of Norman emerges, while the significance of the book as a contribution to recent financial history is beyond dispute." *Evening Standard.* Frontispiece. 36*s.*

DIVERSIONS OF A DIPLOMAT IN CEYLON
Philip K. Crowe

"A bright and amusing book, which contains much curious information about the peoples, the animals, and the scenery of Ceylon. Mr. Crowe has a keen eye, a lively pen, and a kindly sense of humour, which together will make this book attractive to readers who care little for sport and often find exploration, except of the more dramatic variety, rather dull."
Times Literary Supplement.
Illustrated. 30*s.*

THE NATURE OF METAPHYSICS
D. F. Pears (Editor)

The essays contained in this book were first broadcast as talks in the Third Programme of the B.C.C. in 1955. Not all the essays try to reach general conclusions about the nature of metaphysics, some examine the ways in which certain metaphysical systems develop out of reflection on a particular subject like science, history or ethics. 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE THEORY OF WAGE DETERMINATION
John T. Dunlop

This book contains the papers read at the Sixth Conference of the International Economic Association, together with a short record of the discussions. 36*s.*

MACMILLAN

The Sponger

JULES RENARD
Translated by
EDWARD HYAMS

"If I say that in its new dress it reads like Maupassant done over by the authors of 'The Diary of a Nobody' I intend no offence either to Mr. Hyams, who has served Renard very well, or to the book itself, which has outlasted many of its more massive contemporaries ('La Debacle,' for instance) and is, by any standard, the 'small masterpiece' of which we so often hear."
JOHN RUSSELL. *Sunday Times.*

"The representation of these characters is brilliantly succinct and expressive." *Scotsman.*

"Edward Hyams' translation fits like a glove." *Listener.*

15*s net*

Prospects of Love
WILLIAM CAMP

"A new type of young man is the subject of *Prospects of Love*—the self pitier, self worshipper . . . Many women, I think, will ring one another up and quote passages from *Prospects of Love*."
TOM HOPKINSON. *Observer.*

"Mr. Camp has an extremely good eye for the minutiae of such a situation, and his hero and heroine are totally convincing." *Spectator.*

". . . Mr. Camp writes so well too." NANCY SPAIN. *Daily Express.*

15*s net*

Henry Morse
Priest of the Plague
PHILIP CARAMAN

"Exciting as well as informative . . . Its scholarship is impeccable." *New Statesman*

"A new type of historical adventure reading . . . Both scholarly and dramatic." *Observer.*

"No less exciting than John Gerard." *Daily Telegraph.*

"This splendid story." *Tablet.*

"Admirable in every biographical detail." *Time and Tide.*

18*s net*

Everywhere I Roam
BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

"Honest, fresh, ably written, and full of genuine feeling." *Manchester Guardian.*

". . . Very amusing." *Liverpool Daily Post.*

"There are brilliant scenes . . ." *E. Daily Press.*

16*s net*

LONGMANS

reflect some of the changes in the thirty years they cover, but the settings seem alive and convincing in a current sense perhaps because there is such an exact and intense observation under the surface air of leisure. This is a remarkably good collection, very possibly the classic English short story at its best. The earliest tale, written in 1925, has a rural melancholy suggesting Hardy (a pregnant country girl is pestered by her parents to send a letter to the man). Later stories, with a more worldly setting, are sharpened but not overlaid by the manner of the *New Yorker* where they appeared. Chiefly (what does an English writer write about on unspecified home ground?) they deal with relationships: patient and doctor, child and parent, rich man, poor man, host and guest. Two stories, in terms of the author's gift, could not be bettered. One, *Young Mrs. Cruse*, is a brilliantly economical sketch of the undertones behind a mother's busy, preoccupied visit to her newly-married daughter. The other, *Silver Trumpets*, describes the communication between two deaf companions living together, an elderly man and woman—conversation trivial and fretful, or perhaps reminiscent and intimate, which they have grown to interpret to their imaginations' needs. So it continues, until there is a sudden masterly close to

> that fitful diminishing flow which during the years had wavered between them like wands, opening their ears with magic to whatever meanings their hearts desired.

Monica Stirling might easily be observing her people from the same shipboard or country house as Mr. Bates, but there is nothing of his rage or *parti pris* in her appraisal. If there is irony in her gaze it is of the light, humane, compassionate kind; a man or woman—but especially a woman—has some luck to be in one of her tales. She is an elegant and accomplished writer, pointed and assured—best, therefore, when she avoids an adopted simplicity, in the humorous narrative monologue, for instance. Love, of the old sophisticated heterosexual sort, is her theme—a matter of art rather than battle, and hardly subject to time at all. This is most effectively illustrated in her story of a French girl and an American in Paris, and the educative days that follow their first failure of *rapport*. It is quite rare to find a writer at once so lyrical and shrewd, so unwilling to dismiss any man or woman from the lottery of the affections. The cosmopolitan touch, perhaps.

At first sight you would think that the stories in *Adam, One Afternoon* hover dangerously on the edge of charm. But it is soon clear that this is not their end at all, that here, in fact, is an original voice—of the romantic sort, if you like, but not quite predictable either. Italo Calvino covers a good deal of ground in these stories of Italian life during and after the War. The longest, *The Argentine Ant*, about a married couple and a child in an ant-ridden village, moves in the direction of Kafka, but it still has an individual curious stillness, a patient emphasis on a single point which so often marks the other tales. Some are about leisured Italian homes, like *A Goatherd at Luncheon*, in which a student son writhes at an uneasy mixture of guests; some are about partisan life in the woods and hills; some about the black-market period in the towns. Calvino never hurries, never grows excited, never raises his voice. This seeming mildness gives him a peculiar power of conveying fear, as well as the slow workings of resignation and grief. Fear, in the partisan stories, is often shared by victor and victim alike, because they are both uncertain, and neither is really sure who is the enemy. *One of the Three is Still Alive* describes, with an air of careful leisure, the plight of a naked man who has been inefficiently shot by the village tribunal, has fallen into a pit, and is earnestly being implored by his captors to let himself be rescued.

> "We won't do you any harm. We swear it," the men were saying, trying to sound sincere. And they were sincere; they wanted to save him at all costs so as to be able to shoot him, all over again; but at that moment they just wanted to save him and their voices had a tone of affection, of human brotherhood.

The most terrifying opponents are the simple and unreasoning, for when they hold a gun or other such form of power there is no way of dealing with them at all. Few modern writers can ever have looked so penetratingly at the good and bad of sheer simplicity, and the hazards and complications it imposes on the lives of its owners and those who are involved with them.

NAOMI LEWIS

LALAGE PULVERTAFT

"May well become a major woman novelist of our time."—WALTER ALLEN.

"She writes extremely well; the scene is beautifully precise, the character studies are acute."—SUNDAY TIMES.

The Thing Desired

"... is notable for its original design and purpose; shrewd and witty, the style is a pleasure to the fastidious reader ... well-complicated and well-populated plot — an intellectual adventure for anyone."
—SPECTATOR

"Vigorous and varied, with some exciting scenes and a number of minor characters drawn with great fidelity."
—NEW STATESMAN

Book Society Recommend 16s.

Secker & Warburg

Wandervogel

On Timeless Shores. By C. C. VYVYAN. *Peter Owen.* 18s.

Dutch Treat. By GARRY HOGG. *Hale.* 16s.

The Rhine and Its Castles. By MONK GIBBON. *Putnam.* 25s.

Canoeing Down the Rhone. By JOHN WILSON. *Chapman & Hall.* 12s. 6d.

Travel is not an easy literary subject, it is at once too easy, discursive, as open as a carmen's cafe. Do we, in fact, pack books with facts, gleanings of scholarship, geography, and a sort of spasmodic history cemented together by a loose personal reporting ('I stepped out of the train at Basle with my daughter Gillian') or do we infuse the foreign landscape with our own personality, infusing the impermanent with the true compass of our own, too permanent ego? Here are examples of both schools.

At the head of the list I place Lady Vyvyan's description of journeys in Ireland. The author harks back to the days of her childhood, but also includes more recent visits, and the whole book is marked by a deeply personal, incandescent charm which, without resorting to any historical details, manages to captivate the eye and the mind. Here, in fact, is the gentle, wild mind of the Celt. She describes wanderings in Kerry, Donegal, Achill and the Aran Islands. While giving us delightful character-sketches of people, half-gay, half-melancholy, she enchants us with the best reflections on landscape and tumble-down cabins She even has the grace not to ignore the company of insects.

Mr. Garry Hogg's *Dutch Treat* interested me, not by its personal intrusion into the foreign scene, but because it presented a Holland which I had not visualised. Far from being uniform, there are contrasting pockets of religion, costume and behaviour. In Limburg, for instance, they are 99 per cent. Catholics, and in other areas the author found pockets of unshakeable Puritanism, accompanied by shapeless, body-disguising dresses for the women, and sober-boot-squeaking black for the men. In his visit to Zeeland he describes the devastations caused by the British in 1944 when they attempted to destroy the German positions and free the port of Antwerp.

The Rhine and Its Castles, by Monk Gibbon, is another impersonal book, but a very thorough one, embodying the histories and legends surrounding the strange, violent, lyrical and romantic river. The author, thankfully, picks not only on salient facts and hearsay, but has a lively ear for the ridiculous. I loved the story of the echo of Lurleyburg, supposed to be caused by a whirlpool in the Rhine. To this day the students shout "Who is the Burgermeister of Oberwesel" and the echo, to this day, shouts back "An ass."

I liked *Canoeing Down the Rhone* by John Wilson because it describes the kind of trip, age permitting, which I would like to do myself; however, it is marred by a rather intolerable public schoolmaster facetiousness.

ANTHONY CARSON

Round-up

Mountaineering

A middle-aged climber is quoted in *Snowdon Biography* (Dent, 25s.) as saying that there are no novices now: people introduced to the hills at Easter are by Whitsun leading Very Severes. An overstatement, but it does reflect the striking rise of standards in the last ten years, which is forcibly demonstrated in the new books. A good deal of the Snowdon book, edited by Wilfrid Noyce (who contributes an entertaining piece on the Writer in North Wales) covers ground familiar to readers of Lister and Carr's *Mountains of Snowdonia;* but Geoffrey Young draws some fresh memories from his long store for his survey "From Genesis to Numbers," and Geoffrey Sutton's account of modern progress on rock comes bang up to date with climbs inconceivable a generation ago. There is the same impression of great steps forward in the 1956-7 issue of *The Mountain World* (Allen & Unwin, 25s.), that remarkable panorama of the year's doings in the world's ranges. As well as a big feature on Mt. McKinley in Alaska, and some Alpine narratives, it includes accounts of the Swiss successes last year on Everest (a tough job still, at the second ascent) and Lhotse, the British on Kanchenjunga and the French on Makalu—all 8,000-metre peaks. The latter story is told more fully in Jean Franco's *Makalu: a Team Triumphant* (Cape, 25s.). Journalistically this may have been a disappointing climb. "We fell into no crevasses. No avalanche buried any of our camps. On the summit we felt so fit that we might have been on the top of Mont Blanc. Nine of us went to the summit. Three ascents in three days is no conquest! And we didn't even get our feet cold. . ." But the book, urbane, with here and there an oxygen boost of enthusiasm (well rendered in Denise Morin's translation), does a good deal to explain *why* there were no incidents, and M. Franco manages to persuade us that efficiency, like virtue, need not be dull.

For all its title, *I'll Climb Mount Everest Alone* (Hale, 15s.) is only marginally a mountaineering book. It is really the story of an obsession. Maurice Wilson, having been knocked about in

the first war, eventually found in fasting and contemplation a cure for his own breakdown. He wished to spread this gospel, and spotlight his panacea by some striking act; hence his decision to climb Everest alone. Of course he hadn't a chance, and the minute mountaineering, as distinct from walking, was needed, he died, on the slopes of the North Col where next year Eric Shipton's party found his body. But what he did pull off was a solo flight in a Gipsy Moth to India, and an unauthorised trek in disguise, and mainly by night, with two Sherpas across the Tibetan frontier and to the foot of the mountain. Mr. Dennis Roberts is no stylist but through the story which he has pieced together from Wilson's friends, and from the diary found on his body, comes something of the daemonic force that drove a rather unimaginative Yorkshireman to a crazy heroism.

J. A. S.

Killing Like Football

For the convinced but intelligent coward certain kinds of bravery may only be explained by dubious psychological terms like *psychopathic;* nor is admitted cowardice the origin of this doubt. Any description of men who participate in organised killing must include such words; it does not diminish their responsibility. Books like those reviewed here raise this double, frightening issue. For example: if all trace of a man is to be removed it will be necessary to obliterate the community that produced him; you must be thorough, otherwise someone will remember him or act on his example. It is not an easy task, but to revenge Obergruppenfuhrer Reinhard Heydrich certain Nazis made the attempt at Lidice, in June of 1942. J. B. Hutak's *With Blood and with Iron* (Hale, 15s.) tells the story of "Protector Reinhard's" execution by partisans, and the murder of villagers, the razing of their houses, to commemorate his death. It is a hideous story.

Beside this book the adventures of spies, captured airmen and lady agents, look a bit daft. Nobody doubts their stamina or what they say. Without exception, when describing their acts they adopt a tone of beefy frivolity; and this is not merely a stylistic flaw. It reveals a scary misunderstanding of why, on our behalf, they did these things, how serious these things were; for whatever good came of their efforts such innocence frees them to perform like deeds in a dissimilar context. Roxane Pitt—yes, a descendant of Six Acts William—flits from brothel to convent, carrying vital messages, missing torture by a flint's skin, and tells all in *The Courage of Fear* (Hutchinson, 16s.). Johnny Egan, the hero in *Prisoner At Large* (Staples, 12s.) escapes, is captured, escapes again, is captured again and, after a good booting (topped by having the by-products of his dysentery poured over him), escapes once more and joins the Allies rigged out in a Polish officer's cloak. Throughout *No Passport* (Evans, 16s.) Jan Felix forges, deciphers and schemes. One strives to find the true connection between the animal seriousness of the SS and the cheery gusto of the brave opponent. And if anybody suggests it's the difference between buying a drink for, or beating up the referee when the result of the game is announced, don't believe 'em.

C. L.

Wilhelm Worringer's influential *Form in Gothic* is available again with the original illustrations (Tiranti, 25s.); so are W. R. Lethaby's collected papers on Art and Labour, *Form in Civilisation* (Oxford, 12s. 6d.). Eric Walker's *History of Southern Africa* (Longmans, 60s.) is a considerably augmented version of his book first published in 1928, and there is a third edition of C. G. Seligman's *Races of Africa* (Oxford, 7s. 6d.). Other new editions include Capek's *Letters from England* (Allen & Unwin, 12s. 6d.), and Charles Duff's *The Truth About Columbus* (Jarrolds, 25s.).

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Tin-openers

ONE of the nice things about foreigners is their faithful regard for English light humour. When we disclaim it, when we snobbishly indicate that this fanciful persiflage goes out of date very quickly, they reproach us. If we explain that the speciality had become sententious at the turn of the century and was in decline after 1914, when wit, impatience, cruelty and vivid scorn returned to our comic writing, the foreign reader persists that our gracious light humour was civilisation itself. Victorian civilisation, we may reply; but millions have read a book like Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat**, and in all the languages of Europe and Asia. One would hardly have thought that this modest little tale of the misadventures of three tin-opening suburban clerks on the Thames would stand up to American connoisseurs of Mark Twain's Mississippi, but it did. Pirated at once, the book conquered America as it amused the students of Bombay, Peking and Valparaiso.

The gag-book, of course, follows the flag. It is now American. The American response to Jerome arose possibly because he had the episodic digressing, garrulous quality of their vernacular writers. He is close to the Twain of *The Jumping Frog*. But Jerome, like the authors of *The Diary of a Nobody*, and like W. W. Jacobs, belongs to a secure, small Arcadia where the comic disasters of life are the neater for being low. Jerome's humour is a response of the emerging lower middle class to the inconvenience of their situation. Their dreams have left a legacy of small comic defeat. Overworked, they regard idleness as a joke. They have to do everything in penn'orths and ha'porths. Genteel, they have to repress their hilarious envy-disapproval of any burst of bad language on the part of the undeserving poor. The humour of life's little troubles was called the "too real," the joke lying in deadly and misleading accounts of humiliating trivia. One might take Jerome as the signal that, in 1889, holidays for this overworked and masochistic class became possible. It is "too real" that the tin-opener (new emancipating gadget of democracy) has been forgotten. It is "too real" that George and Harris have to share the same bed; that the bed is two foot six wide and that they have to tie themselves together with the sheets in order to keep themselves from falling out. It is "too real," *i.e.*, only too likely, that the dog will bring a rat to drop into the terrible stew they are making. It is "too real" that a worn-out child will drop a half-eaten bun in the maze at Hampton Court. The packing, the rain, the clubbing together to hire a cab, the mockery of small boys, the troubles with towropes, laundry, butter, the belief that the banjo is a lovely instrument and that *Two Lovely Black Eyes* is a beautiful song are the vulgarities of life. There is nothing surreal about the "too real"; it is the chronic. We know little about the inner lives of Jerome's characters. It is true that Harris has a comic nightmare, but this is merely the traditional drink joke. The odd thing is that the "too real" could be appreciated in Bombay. Is the tale of Uncle Podger a universal domestic myth? Would Arabs laugh at it? The appeal of Jerome lies in his gentleness and irony, in his power of digression, his gift of capping his comic moments with a final extravagant act that outbids life altogether. Above all, his book is an idyll. Jerome himself, astonished by the book's success, guilefully argues that it could not be due to its vulgarity alone. The absence of women gives us a clue—there is one, but she is a mere body that floats by, drowned; *Three Men in a Boat* has the absurdity of a male pipe dream. *Huckleberry Finn* is basically this also; but the tobacco is stronger and indeed, generally, chewed.

The idyll is the stream on which the vulgar, bickering, banjo-playing boat-load floats lightly along. Not lightly, of course; sculling blisters and half kills them. The joke lies in the modesty of the incident; bumping the bank, getting someone else's shirt wet, eating the horrible camping food, annoying fishermen and motor launches, singing with self-confidence and out of tune, drifting unawares towards the weir, getting the tent up for the night. A lot of it is stock comedy. We know the tent will fall down; the question that awakens the ingenuity of the masters is, how will it fall down? At Cookham these suburbans will imagine themselves in the "wild heart of nature." They are not mugs; they have to match their bounce against the primeval cunning of landladies and the pensive malice of innkeepers, anglers and boatmen. Skilfully Jerome plays everything down. He relies on misleading moral commentary and on that understatement which runs like a rheumatism through English humour. Certain jokes date. Bad language is no longer a joke since swearing came in after the first world war. Idleness is no longer a joke—we have moved into an age that says it believes in leisure. And we find nothing piquant in the silliness of girls. The silly girl in light humour was soon replaced by Wodehouses's pretty power stations. (The light humorists of Jerome's period were obliged to avoid sex; they became experts in femininity.) But the dating of a joke does not matter; the laughter in Jerome is caused less by any fact than by the false conclusions drawn from it. He will mildly note that bargees are sometimes "rude" to one another and use language "which, no doubt, in their calmer moments, they regret." Again the work-joke has the intricacy of a conceit in Jerome's skilful hands.

> It always seems to me that I am doing much more work than I should do. . . . But though I crave for work I still like to be fair. I do not ask for more than my fair share. But I get it without asking for it—so at least it seems to me and this worries me. George says that he does not think that I need trouble myself on the subject. He thinks it is only my over-scrupulous nature that makes me fear I am having more than my due; and that, as a matter of fact, I don't have as much as I ought. But I expect he says this only to comfort me.

The son of a preacher, Jerome saw that one of the funniest things a human being has is his conscience.

The light humorists get too much pleasure out of educated periphrasis and self-congratulatory club wit. These lead inevitably to heavy prose. Jerome, like W. W. Jacobs, escaped the danger. His prose is clear and simple. It muses on like some quiet, ironical tune played on a malicious whistle. He is free from the journalistic vice of exhibitionism and frantic juggling with bright ideas. He sits by himself on the river bank and drifts on from tune to tune happily and regardless. He is a very economical writer. In anecdote, he is a master of leading the reader on quietly and then of rushing in a line that suddenly makes the joke take to the air and go mad. The tale of Uncle Podger hanging the picture is a noteable piece of technical virtuosity. The packing of the trunk begins as a joke but ends in the complexity of French farce or Restoration comedy. The good light humorist is not a careless fellow with one or two brainwaves and surprises only; he is a deedy lover of detail which delays the action until the pressure has reached the proper bursting point. There are some conventional phrases in Jerome's famous account of opening the tin of pineapple, but it is a model. They had tried the penknife, a pair of scissors and a hitcher: the tin merely rolled over, broke a tea cup and fell into the river. George and Harris were no more than a little cut about the face:

> Then we all got mad. We took that tin out on the bank and Harris went up into a field and got a big sharp stone and I went back into the boat and brought out the mast, and George held the tin and Harris held the sharp end of his stone against the top of it and I took the mast and poised it high in the air and gathered all my strength and brought it down.
>
> It was George's straw hat that saved his life that day . . . Harris got off with a flesh wound.
>
> After that I took the tin off myself and hammered at it with the mast till I was worn out and sick at heart whereupon Harris took it in hand.
>
> We beat it out flat; we beat it back square; we battered it into every form known to geometry. Then George went at it and knocked it into a shape so strange, so weird, so unearthly in its wild hideousness that he got frightened and threw away the mast. Then we all three sat down on the grass and looked at it.
>
> There was one great dent across the top that had the appearance of a mocking grin and it drove us furious, so that Harris rushed at the thing and caught it up and flung it into the middle of the river, and as it sank we hurled our curses at it and we got into the boat and rowed away from the spot and never paused until we reached Maidenhead.

This is pure music hall, of course; much of Jerome is quiet comic patter. He was, in fact, something of an actor. But the idyll frames it all. And peacefully transforms it. A collection of light articles becomes a complete mirage. A world is never created on any level, without the secret structure of conflict. Jerome's case was like that of Dickens in the *Pickwick Papers*. He was commissioned to write an historical guide to the Thames and bits of that survive in the book. He was also a meditative man with a religious background. One or two little sermons are embedded in the text. To us they are incongruous, but late-Victorian farce was not hostile to sentiment. These pieties give an engaging wash of pure sentimental purple to

* *Three Men in a Boat*. By JEROME K. JEROME. *Dent*. 8*s*. 6*d*. Also to appear in *Penguin Books* on June 27. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Jerome's water colour. He was always saved by his lightness of touch. He succeeds less with history. Jokes about Queen Elizabeth and Magna Carta are heavy going. It takes a schoolmaster or a Mark Twain to get the best out of them. Nonconformists like Jerome are apt to be too fervently conventional about history. As for the landscape, it is agreeably kept in its place. The glitter of the main stream, the rankness of the shadows, the gushing of the locks and the streaming of the weirs at night are done with a pleasant subdued versifying. These sights do not overwhelm his true business—that row of elderly anglers (for example) sitting on their chairs in a punt, who are suddenly knocked off, fall into the bottom of the boat and are left —in sublime phrase—"picking fish off each other."

Mr. D. C. Browning who writes an introduction to the Everyman Edition of the book which contains also *Three Men on the Bummel* tries to persuade us that the latter is as good. What the German tour does is to point to the reason for the superiority of the book about the Thames. It is an idyll of youth. In the German book the heroes are older. They are married. They have lost the happy, impartial rudeness of unattached young men. This time they have to be informative. They still sparkle but the lark has turned into a tour. Jerome was very shrewd about the Germans and these, sedulously trying to penetrate the mystery of English fancy, used *Three Men on the Bummel* as a text book in German schools.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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Have put him in a cruel predicament:
Should he not kick them up, with righteous heat?

Now that his once outrageous heresies
Stand firmly in the schools' curriculum,
Need he be vexed if young gowks think him wise
Whom their grandfathers prayed to be struck dumb?
Need he repudiate his truth as lies,
Which on obsequious lips it has become?

ROBERT GRAVES

New Novels

The Missionaries. By ROBIN JENKINS. *Macdonald.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Tongues of Angels. By SYLVA NORMAN. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

The World is Full of Doors. By RICHARD KAUFMANN. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

Revolution and Roses. By P. H. NEWBY. *Cape.* 15*s.*

I sometimes find people expressing surprise and resentment against a reviewer for praising a novel when they cannot themselves see anything in it. I want, therefore, to explain just what I mean when I call the first three novels on this list distinguished. I do *not* mean that I back them to become Important; that they are landmarks in the History of the Novel. For respectable purposes there is no such thing as The Novel; still less its history. Novels vary, and ought to vary, no less than human lives. Each presents us with a separate world, and the only sort of importance which should matter to each reader is the weight, the urgency, the reality which that particular world has for him. I am not, therefore, saying anything about the distance which divides these writers from Tolstoy or Dostoevsky or anyone else at present fancied for the Epic Stakes. Since they are all travelling in different directions, that distance cannot be relevant. What I *am* saying is that each presents a clear, distinctive, strong-tasting world; and if I add that some people will find the first world smug, the second frivolous and the third morbid, that is only a further tribute to the strong personalities of the authors.

Perhaps the first charge would be the most difficult to meet. *The Missionaries* is an extraordinarily Scotch book, pervaded by an excellent authentic smell of oatmeal, fresh herring and moral philosophy. It concerns a lad who, at the end of a brilliant university career, is hesitating between the Kirk and the Law. He is eaten up with ambition and priggishness, both of which move him to make a splendid speech in a student debate on behalf of certain sectarians who are being evicted from an island where they have squatted illegally. The beautiful daughter of the millionaire who owns the island at once invites him to stay and see things for himself; he is drawn into accepting, and the rest of the book deals with the effect of the island on him and on the officials sent to carry out the evictions. I rather think that the young man's own story, though intended as the story of a prig, has been too priggishly conceived to carry its proper weight; in particular his whole relation to the beautiful temptress is much closer to a puritan's dream, a classical Temptation of St. Anthony, than to any observation of life. But the way in which the wild beauty of the island is conveyed more than makes up for this. The sectarians themselves are ignorant, crafty peasants, yet vessels of a sacred fire; the island is undoubtedly holy as they claim, yet the power that possesses it seems now Christian, now pagan, now almost infernal; the policeman, the student and the Sheriff's party, all decent, complicated people with their own problems, behave strangely and reveal their natures as they are tossed about by unfamiliar forces. An unusual and poetic book.

On the other hand, *Tongues of Angels* is a pure wafer of sophistication. It tells the story of a fantastic international conference organised in a Swiss lake resort by a crazy body formed to protect Cultural Objects in future wars. At the surface level there is a fine, authentic froth of intrigues, contretemps and crises, feverish typing and midnight encounters, all deeply satisfying to anyone who, like myself, appreciates the *flavour* of conferences. Slightly deeper down, there are some thoughts on the relation of idea to achievement; there is in particular a rich portrait of the desperately humourless man who was necessary to conceive and make possible the whole project. The conference fails (of course) in its official object but succeeds in a different one; what this is, is left a little disappointingly on the knees of one of those over-omniscient characters—but one gets the general idea. I loved this book; it has just the right firm authoritative style for a fantasy; just the right blend of cynicism with *joie de vivre* to release one from that persistent human tendency to take organisations at their face value.

The World is Full of Doors is a touching and compelling novel about post-war Germany. The hero is a disfigured ex-fighter pilot employed selling jam for his horrible ex-Nazi brother-in-law, the heroine a young nurse unable to escape from the memory of Czech atrocities during the liberation. This might suggest a stock catalogue of gloom. But Herr Kaufmann is a most vigorous and imaginative writer; his characters are lively, attractive and thoroughly individual and he can be very funny. The minor characters, too, are beautifully drawn; the only point where the book seems to me to replace individual insight by melodrama is its treatment of the bad hats, the hard-faced ex-Nazis who have contrived to do well out of the war. However, this is a most impressive book. Herr Kaufmann is not just obsessed by the horrors of the past, he has done a lot of hard thinking about how to live with them, and he is remarkably free of Teutonic fog.

As for *Revolution and Roses*, well, this time I am the one that has missed the point. It is a light comedy about innocent British travellers in Alexandria, mixing themselves up in Neguib's revolution. Perhaps history has been unkind to Mr. Newby by making Egypt cease to be a purely farcical country; perhaps I just happen to be sated with Passages to India, Picnics at Sakkara, and so forth, but it looks to me like a resolute attempt to be funny on a painful subject. Still it is all very neatly contrived, and gives a genuine impression of confusion.

MARY SCRUTTON

Norman Cameron

Collected Poems of Norman Cameron (1905-1953). *Hogarth.* 15*s.*

This long overdue volume contains 57 poems —everything that Norman Cameron left in a finished state. His translations from French poets are not included, but they are a vital annexe to the original work. In a long introduction Robert Graves insists on Norman's description of himself as a "part-time poet." This sounds to me like a typical piece of self-depreciation; to insist on it may be to obscure certain important facts: first, he destroyed sheaves of unsatisfactory poems, poems which most of us would have published; secondly, the vocation of poet was the only one he took seriously, and he never for long followed any occupation which interfered with it; all his working life was a fight with words in one form or another. His writing of advertising copy, which he treated ironically in the spirit of a keep-fit course, was carried out with the

DENT

★

Rock of Exile

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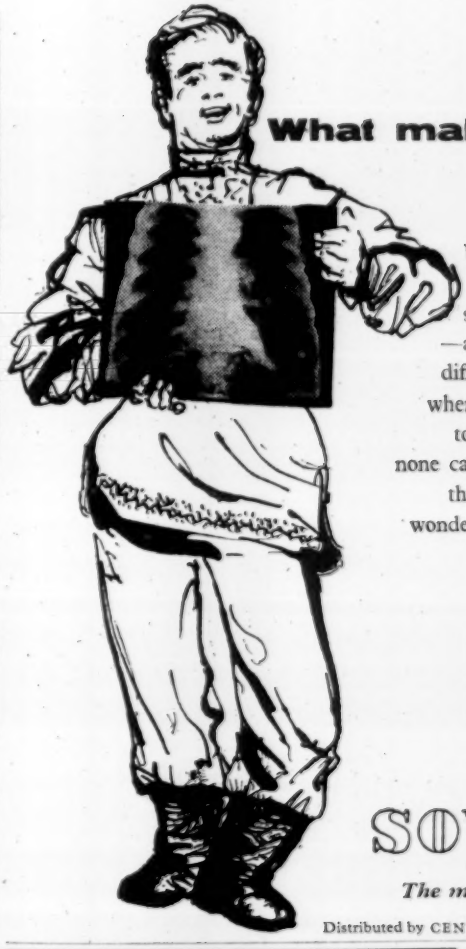

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JOHN CALDER

conscientiousness of an artist. The other day a newspaper advertisement about "Bath Luxuries" began: "What a joy to be seeped in luxurious and fragrant aroma! It is the moment that every woman loves. . . ." It is the kind of writing Norman would have deplored as letting down the profession. He left about one fine poem for every year of his life. Of how many poets can this be said?

The quantitative test of a poet, though essentially vulgar, is still fashionable. The critical doctrine that no poet can be considered "great" unless he has left some work of more than ordinary length is mischievous: it puts a premium on verbosity and ignores the quality of compression. To read continuously through the present volume, or even only the first 30 poems, with full attention and understanding, is to be aware not so much of brevity as of compression. Norman Cameron was—to quote from the introduction—a technician of "passionate exactitude." No word is superfluous; no digression is permitted; diction is precise but unaffected, natural but not slack. Rhythms are traditional but hall-marked with the poet's personality; rhyme is strict. Each poem is a full working-out of its theme—like a fugue or a cubist painting. Norman did not write tone-poems or nocturnes. One reason for the scarcity of his poems is that he wrote only when he had something to say. That he was a scrupulous technician was another reason for his having been overlooked. His age was interested, not in technicians, but in virtuosi. Every poem is salted with his peculiar graces—a rueful irony, an earthy humour, an urbane and sophisticated instinct for idiom in all its nuances.

No poet will ever be read for long who cannot write well—or who can only write well. Readers who believe, as I do, in "the primacy of meaning"—to use F. W. Bateson's phrase—will value these poems for what they say, for the revelation of a mind in contemplation of itself and its age. There is no expression more revealing of the writer than "crone-like in my self-motherhood." The poems are the fruit of an intense self-searching, sometimes painful, sometimes amused. The sensual man at war with a Calvinistic upbring; the ambitious man aware of the wickedness of ambition; self-waste, self-love, self-hate; the difficulty of upholding a decent morality against one's own, one's friends, and the world's failings—these were the themes he used. He did not write "public" poems in the usual, impersonal sense; poems about places and events were always touched with his own feelings and with the colours of his own mind.

Half the poems in this book appeared as *The Winter House* in 1935. Most of these would pass for contemporary in the magazines of today. Norman's style, which he seems to have all but perfected as an undergraduate in the Twenties, has been silently adopted by a generation of younger poets. (When Norman died, 90 copies of the first and only edition of *The Winter House* remained unsold at three shillings each.) He never wrote a line or did a thing to attract the wrong kind of attention—he was too unegoistic and anti-exhibitionist ever to behave as some would expect of a poet—but he valued and coveted true recognition. So does every poet who does not affect to despise the world. Not long before his death he told me he still received a shilling or two a year from the sale of *The Winter House*, and he liked to think of a few unknown young men sitting up late in obscure top rooms to read his poems. In April 1953 he was preparing a reading of his work which was shortly to be given at the I.C.A. He was spending the week-end with me, and on Sunday evening he proposed a visit to the local. Neither his wife nor mine wanted to leave the fireside, so I agreed. Over a sober half-pint at "The Milton's Head" he told me he was looking forward to the occasion, as he hoped it would lead to the establishment of his reputation. A week later he died, and it was I who, with a heavy heart and a sense of utter inadequacy, was privileged to arrange the reading.

Like every truly modest man, he had no false modesty; he knew the worth of his best work, and the appearance of this collection makes it possible for others to know it also. It is not a question of his "taking his place" among English poets; he has had that for 20 years. But it would be sad if it were left to a still later generation to recognise his worth; I believe, however, that this book will be in the hands of the young men in obscure top rooms, and many of the poems known by heart.

JAMES REEVES

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The Gulf of Arabia

The Golden Bubble. By RODERIC OWEN. *Collins.* 18*s.*

Mr. Roderic Owen is much to be envied. He went to the Persian Gulf, he tells us, partly to see his Amanda stationed in Bahrein, and was disillusioned when he discovered that she was not interested in Arabs, had not troubled to learn even a few words of their language, or done anything much except drink cocktails with British types in an air-conditioned flat. He is to be envied because he had the youth and guts to endure the almost unendurably humid heat of the Gulf and to live on his own in intimate contact with Arabs of many conditions during one of the most exciting moments of their national awakening. He was welcomed as a "poet," who had already lived in the Far East and who wanted to understand their country. One of the most illuminating and unexpected of his chapters describes life in the desert as a guest of the Sheikh Shakhout who became his firm friend; they were members of a party—travelling of course in Cadillac cars—which were constantly stuck in the sand. They hunted bustards with hawks, a bloody, cruel sport, it seems, since the hawk slowly eats the liver out of the breathing bustard, which I suppose explains what I have always regarded as an inexplicable detail of the Promethean myth.

Mr. Owen had a superb time: he relished the discomforts of staying in places in the Gulf which are usually seen only by Englishmen from the modern cantonments built by oil companies. He was there in the anti-British riots that broke out when Selwyn Lloyd arrived. He owes his safety to his friendships with Arabs, who had learned to regard him as a native of their own city, qualified by friendship and residence to traditional Arab hospitality. He writes modestly and freshly, and is only interested in politics because politics were forced upon him. Personally he liked Sir Charles Belgrave, the British Adviser in Bahrein, and he got on well enough with the English he met in Kuweit, the Trucial Coast, and the Buraimi Oasis. But he came to the conclusion that if the West came to a sticky end in the Gulf, it was their own fault. He writes:

> But the world of the Trucial Coast is restricted. I found a distinct tendency amongst Englishmen on the spot to forget that England is merely in treaty relationship with, not ruling over, these independent Sheikhdoms. The atmosphere of amateur colonialism is more easily felt than described; it appears in sudden resentments, a feeling of almost personal slight when the Sheikhs pursue their own policies. So marked could the atmosphere sometimes be, that such feeling was in danger of becoming a destructive force contrary to British interests, certainly contrary to our policy. To claim that this kind of pseudo-colonial thinking is patriotic is as unwise as it is silly. Above all, it is unrealistic. Britain has no colonies in the Gulf. There is good cause to feel alarm at growing Egyptian influence; but the remedy is not indignation, but action, positive British assistance in the establishment of other necessities such as hospitals and clinics.

In brief, the steaming, primitive, feudal world made rich by oil and indirectly controlled by the British, is passing away, and Mr. Owen is one of the few lucky people who has seen it from within at a crucial moment of transition.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

The Silken Cord

The Life of Sir John Eliot. By HAROLD HULME. *Allen & Unwin.* 35*s.*

In the England of the early seventeenth century, even in counties far from London, the man of property and position could not afford to heed the advice of contemporary poets and live in happy ignorance of all that passed in capital and Court. The authority and influence of the Crown touched his life at too many points. He was tied to his monarch by bonds of loyalty which might be strained but could not be broken by the behaviour of the King's ministers. Any shift of power at Court was mirrored, however crudely, in shifts of power in the provinces, for local and national politics shaded into each other as the King's favour lighted upon some courtier, and the courtier in turn dispensed his own favours through the length and breadth of the country. From Yorkshire to Kent the silken cord of patronage tied the country gentleman to the courtier, and the courtier to the King.

Like many another country gentleman, Sir John Eliot, the son of a Cornish squire, was early involved with Crown and Court. Hastily married at the age of seventeen to avoid falling into the hands of the Court of Wards, he was fortunate enough within a few years to attract the attention of Buckingham, who secured for him in quick succession a knighthood, the vice-admiralty of Devon and a seat in the House of Commons. But Eliot's hold on the favour of the Favourite proved to be more precarious than Buckingham's hold on the favour of the King. As always, there were local enemies. Just as Wentworth had his Savile, so Eliot had his Bagg—"that bottomless Bagg" as Laud called him—who persistently intrigued to

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PUBLICATIONS

replace him in his patron's favour. Local rivalries were easily merged in Court faction, and Court faction in national politics. As Buckingham ceased to befriend him, so Eliot began to direct the great parliamentary attack on his former patron, whose policies, for reasons of principle, he could no longer approve.

Professor Hulme describes this attack, and the parliamentary career of Eliot, in minute detail. There can be nothing but admiration for his meticulous research and scrupulous accuracy. But his style is so pedestrian, his handling of his material so flat, that he has sacrificed much of the life and movement that properly belong to his theme. Eliot's speeches are carefully paraphrased, with almost equal weight given to every point. Or again, take the treatment of what we are told is a "charming note" written by Eliot to his friend, Thomas Godfrey:

> His ostensible reason for writing was to express thanks for the great debt and obligation Godfrey had laid upon him. What lies behind these words has to be left to the modern reader's imagination. Becoming a bit more specific Eliot wrote that there was no news. Their fears exceeded their hopes. The danger was so great that only heaven guarded them from despair—

—and so on. The original of this letter happens to contain the flashing phrase: "Danger enlarges itself in so great a measure on us, that nothing but Heaven shrouds us from despair." Professor Hulme has thrown his opportunities away.

Eliot's idealism and impetuosity are rightly emphasised in the book, although it would have been interesting to be shewn rather more clearly how his impetuosity made him a hopeless parliamentary tactician. His attack on Buckingham appears to have been ill-conceived and ill-directed; and he apparently overlooked, as Wentworth never overlooked, the supreme importance of Lords and Commons acting in unison. What does emerge admirably from this study, however, is the confusion that Eliot shared with his contemporaries over the way in which the King's government might be attacked without attacking the person of the King. Intensely monarchical and intensely loyal, he was confronted at every turn with arbitrary actions committed in the King's name. Unable to impute any evil to a King "whose goodness is so far clear that he will not break us" he was compelled to rely on the mediæval tactics of attributing all the blame to the King's wicked advisers. It was only when the Long Parliament was at last able to draw the vital distinction between the person and the office of the King that the cruel dilemma which so afflicted Eliot was partially resolved. But Eliot himself had died in prison eight years before, a martyr for his principles; the most outspoken of parliamentarians and the most fervent of monarchists. For him, the silken cord of patronage had long since been cut, but the bonds of loyalty were never shaken.

JOHN ELLIOTT

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The usual prizes are offered for an epigram (limit 6 lines) on any of the nine Muses. Entries by June 25.

Result of No. 1,421

Set by Lucullus

Washington hostesses have been under fire for their lavish hospitality; the physician to Congress says that his patients are being "beef-steaked to death." The usual prizes are offered for the verse complaint of a Surfeited Politician.

Report

Be it Paris, Rome or Delhi
Goodwill's exacting on the belly—

observed John Mitchell; and can it be only coincidence that brings out a Penguin edition of F. A. Hornibrook's classic *Culture of the Abdomen* just as the surfeited groans go up from M.P.s.—

It's no go the Turtle soup; it's no go the whisky—
All I want is a decent chance of reaching the age of sixty (F. E. M. G.)

from Comrades:

I'm Comrade X, the way I dine
Depends upon the party line (GUY HADLEY)

and from Congressmen:

Here I come to amend the law,
And they give me succotash, buckwheat, slaw (GLORIA PRINCE).

L. Nugent's *député* made the point that the French politician, with shorter expectation of official life, has a lesser abdominal burden to bear:

Heureusement cela ne durera à jamais.
Un changement du gouvernement, chose qui n'est pas rare,
Permet qu'on casse la croûte avec des amis.
Et qu'on parle politique au Café de la Gare.

Many were surfeited with less material substances:

I have swallowed my pride in Laos, I have eaten my words in Fon,
And many a time I have bit my lip in the Bundestag at Bonn;
I've been fed upon lies in Moscow, and stomached, as time went by,
Much more than my share, in New Delhi, of exceedingly humble pie . . .

wrote Frank Dunnill: and D. L. Peddy gave the theme a further twist with

The line to be followed, the pride to be swallowed on Suez, with Middle East gentry
Is what they debate; he can but concentrate on the human canal alimentary.

Prize money to be divided between Adrienne Gascoigne, G. J. Blundell, Findlay P. Murdoch and Ethel Talbot Scheffauer. Commended: Annie Allen, Vera Telfer, D. E. Burbidge, Stanley J. Sharpless, Hazel Orchard, Stephen Sedley.

COMPLAINT OF A SURFEITED POLITICIAN

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Toll for the Con-
gress men who are no more,
All sunk beneath the wave
Of eats and drinks galore.

No wild tornado swept them,
No atom bomb went off,
They crashed from no air-liner,
They coughed no churchyard cough.

Washington hostesses
Heaped up the lethal plate:
Beef-steaked to death were they—
I too shall meet that fate.

ADRIENNE GASCOIGNE

Lady, you fed me well on Venison haunch;
Of cream and custard gave me not a few laps;
Hence the encumbrance of this spreading paunch
And those grotesque appendages, my dewlaps.

My cheeks are rosy with your rosier wines.
I waxed too fat on your slim hands' confections.
I had my cake and ate it too: the signs
Are evident about my middle sections.

Your trifles made me a trifler. Was it right
To dish me thus, and send, of your Volition,
One who was governed by his appetite
To swell the body of the Opposition?

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Take, oh take the caviare
Back to where the sturgeons are.
Let the vodka water-white
Into other gullets bite.
Liver of fat goose *truffée*?
Take the nauseous stuff away.
Pasta, Brie, Amontillado—
On my dinner cast a shadow.
Though I *have* made rather good
I can *not* stand foreign food.
Hear the cry from anguished lips—
Hostess, give me fish and chips.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

If only, dear Mrs. Vanderbelly,
You knew old Machiavelli,
The cutest suavest diplomat of all,
You'd learn that flesh-pot pleasures quickly pall,
And find a craftier social gimmick
Than just beef-dozing bodies politic
Like the parties in the commie Kremlin
With their stuff'd and pickl'd porkers Joe & Lenin.

FINDLAY P. MURDOCH

City Lights

Blueberry Blues

It was the Whitsun Bank holiday, wet as it was, which protected the City from the consequences of President Eisenhower's latest encounter with blueberry pie. Tummies are sensitive on Wall Street: Monday morning's burst of selling sent prices down by as much as $5 and left the ticker 14 minutes behind, its biggest lapse since the day in February last year when the President announced that he would run for a second term. But Mr. Hagerty is learning how to handle this kind of situation. Prices began to recover in the last hour of business, and on Tuesday (the President breakfasting on prunes, cooked cereal, milk-toast and honey, and remarking that he could do with a few steaks) they jumped sharply.

The City missed the excitement. The Americans were buying oil shares when it left the office on Friday and were buying them more determinedly than ever when it came back on Tuesday. For a couple of weeks, in fact, oils have made most of the running in stock markets. Canadian oil, gas and pipeline shares are still providing Wall Street with most of its hot tips. Trinidad oils are a close runner-up. The Texas Company's invasion and the smaller-scale raid on Premier have mixed exploration with take-over fever: the isle is full of noises. South American oil shares too are still rising in anticipation of the U.S. incursion expected as a result of the Suez affair. And now Wall Street has begun to take an interest again in the big international companies, whose shares are cheap enough—by Wall Street standards—to make up for the fact that they are not American. Things happen quickly when Wall Street takes an interest: Shell, which had crept up slowly and timorously to the £10 mark after the publication of its excellent first-quarter results, gained another £1 in two days.

* * *

The government is finding it a good deal easier to get out of the Commonwealth than into Europe. The Free Trade Area talks have been postponed, as everyone knew they would have to be. Even the ratification of the Common Market treaty may not take place for some time: Sir David Eccles left Paris just too soon to meet the new government and arrived in Rome just too late to find a government there at all. The French financial crisis, meanwhile, which has been the main stumbling-block in the negotiations, goes on as merrily as ever. The big U.K. deficit in E.P.U. which was recorded last month owed a good deal to the Bank of France's emergency decision to raid the foreign exchange balances of the French commercial banks. Last week's rise in Shell began with continental buying as a hedge against the devaluation of the franc, and the same factor has played a part in the sudden revival of interest in South African gold shares.

The Kaffir market, after sagging for nearly two years, was ready for any breeze to blow it upwards. Jobbers were probably short of stock, and any recovery was likely to be sharpened by their efforts to put the matter right; the mining finance houses, which depend on share-dealing for part of their income, would naturally do their best to jolly a revival along. It is difficult to pinpoint the actual reasons for the rally—continental interest, perhaps, a lack of other things to buy, a few well-timed and optimistic remarks about the price of gold, a good set of May returns from the Rand, a promising borehole result reported by a developing mine. Brokers, admitting that prices could easily jump further if the rally goes on long enough to attract the attention of the general public, are still cagey: there have been previous rallies in the Kaffir market to interrupt the trend without reversing it.

But Free State Geduld is once again the market cynosure—and investors who bought the shares at just on £6 a couple of years ago feel young again to see them push past 70s.

* * *

Mr. Glazer is still keeping mum, and Central Mining is the only dull spot in the Kaffir market. A loan of $10m. is being raised in New York for the new company which is to take over the shares held by the protective syndicate, and can no doubt be easily reconciled with Central Mining's rules about foreign voting rights.

Lyons cut its dividend at the beginning of the war and restored it to the old level afterwards: otherwise, it has not changed for nearly 20 years. Now, after some pressure, it is up a little.

Estate Securities is a shell recently acquired by Peachey, the property company. A few shares had to be put on the market to get back the Stock Exchange quotation: after opening at 36s. they rose briskly to 57s. 6d., and a very few people made a very large profit. The Stock Exchange is annoyed.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 396. Easier Said Than Done

After a mere glance at this diagram most of us may well proclaim that Black's position is so inferior as to be an almost certain loss. What with his R and KB practically useless and his QB not much shakes either, and what with the White R controlling the only open file and his other pieces splendidly mobile, surely, this ought to be "a cinch." But it isn't. It was a position reached at the adjournment of a Dutch-German match, the contestants (Braune-Bouwmeester) and their match-captains agreed that the game should be continued by correspondence, and even so White could make no headway against Black's surprisingly strong defensive resources. It was only in the *post mortem* (or rather, the *post pacem*) that none less than Max Euwe found the one and only way for White to force the win. What had actually happened up to the crucial point was

(63) P-R5, P-R3; (64) K-R4, R-Kt1; (65) Kt-B2, R-R1; (66) R-Kt6, R-Kt1; (67) Kt-Kt4, BxP!!; (68) PxB, R-QR1.

White had to push his RP to make any headway, and the disadvantage of robbing his B of the useful a5 was certainly compensated by the gain of b6 for the R, since Black, obviously had to stop a further advance of the P. Black's 67th was forced as well as sound, since White cannot break through without a Kt-sacrifice. Here now is the actual sequel.

(69) Kt-Q3?, R-KKt1; (70) Kt-B4, B-B1; (71) K-Kt3, B-Kt2; (72) K-B2, B-B1; (73) Kt-Q3, B-Kt2; (74) Kt-Kt4, R-QR1; (75) K-Q3, R-R2; (76) K-Q4, R-R1; (77) B-Q2, R-R2; (78) B-B1, R-R1; (79) B-R3, R-R2; (80) KtxQP, BPxKt; (81) P-B6, BxP; (82) B-Q6 ch, K-Q2; (83) K-B5, R-Kt2!!; (84) RxP (best), R-Kt4 ch; (85) K-Q4, R-Kt6! (threatening R-Q6 ch!); (86) R-R7 ch, R-Kt2; Draw agreed.

Now here's how, according to Euwe's analysis, White could have forced the win.

(69) B-Q4!, R-R2; (70) KtxQP, BPxKt; (71) P-B6!, B-B1 (BxP?); (72) K-Kt4, R-R1; (73) B-B5, K-Q1; (74) B-Q6, K-K1 (75) K-B5, K-Q1; (76) R-Kt7! etc.

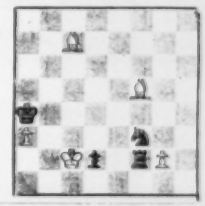
Obviously, (70) . . . KPxKt was ruled out on account of (71) P-K6, etc.

A: Max Euwe 1923

The (very easy) 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which Black missed his only chance (. . . Kt-B4) and blundered by . . . BxKt. How did Euwe punish him? **B** is a draw and should be facilitated by the useful hint that it leads to stalemate. **C** (for 7 points) is a win and very pretty too. Usual prizes. Entries by June 24.

B: V. & M. Platov 1906

C: A. O. Herbstmann 1929



REPORT on No. 393. Set May 25

A: (1) BxB ch, KxB; (2) Kt-B7 ch, Kt-Kt3; (3) RxKt ch, KxR; (4) P-B5 ch, K-B3; (5) Q-R4 ch, KxP; (6) Q-Kt5 ch, K-K5; (7) Kt-QP ch, K-Q5; (8) P-B3 mate. (But (4) Q-Kt3 ch would have led to mate in 6.)

B: (1) P-Q6!, PxP; (2) K-Kt4, K-Q1! (P-Kt3?); (3) K-B5, K-K2; (4) P-R4!, P-Kt3 ch; (5) KxP, K-K3; (6) K-Kt5, P-Q4; (7) K-B4, K-Q3; (8) K-B5 etc.

C: (1) Q-R2 ch, R-R4; (2) QxBP ch, R-Kt4 (otherwise mate in 2); (3) Q-R2 ch, R-R4; (4) QxP ch, R-Kt4; (5) Q-Q3!, P-Kt3; (6) K-Kt1!, P-R6; (7) K-R2, P-B6; (8) K-Kt3, and finally . . . K-R4 and Q mates at R3.

Prizes: E. Allan, D. E. Cohen, A. E. Harris, C. Sandberg, C. Sansom. Equally correct: W. H. L. Brooking, A. J. Roycroft. **B** and/or **C** proved a stumbling-block, though quite a few (including 12-year-old N. Swingler) dropped a point or two only.

ASSIAC

"Oh monstrous!

But one half-pennyworth of bread"

. . . WAS ALL FALSTAFF had to accompany an 'intolerable deal of sack'. Prince Hal was justly shocked. Falstaff's was not an exemplary character. He kept late hours. He was not always strictly truthful. His values were confused; certainly he did not eat nearly enough bread.

Bread, say the scientists (and who are we to doubt them?) is an excellent food in itself. It could give us as much as three quarters of the energy that we—and our children—burn up in a day.[1] And it contains body building proteins and essential vitamins and minerals too.[2]

Those distinguished nutritional authorities Professor McCance and Dr. Widdowson say in a Special Report[1]: "Probably the most important finding concerns the high nutritive value of wheat in any of the forms customarily consumed by man". And that means bread. Another Panel of scientists and medical men under the Chairmanship of Professor Lord Cohen says: "Bread is the most important staple food in the British diet".[3]

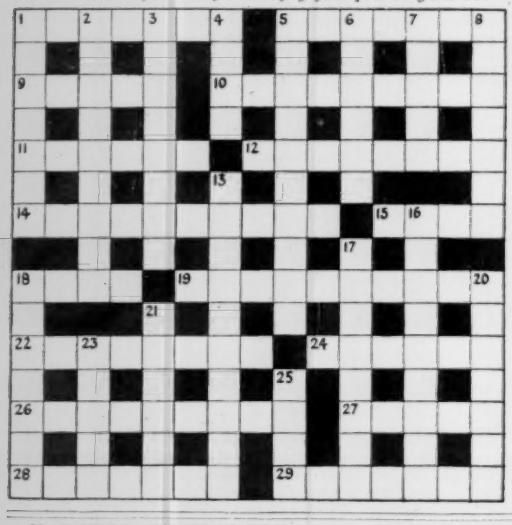
So see that your family eats plenty of bread every day—good and fresh.

1. *Medical Research Council Special Report Series No. 287, published by H.M.S.O. 1954.*
2. *All flour must contain—per 100 grams of flour:* Iron—*not less than 1.65 milligrams.* Vitamin B_1—*not less than 0.24 milligrams.* Nicotinic Acid—*not less than 1.60 milligrams.*
3. *Report of the Panel on Composition and Nutritive Value of Flour, published by H.M.S.O. 1956.*

ISSUED BY THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU
21 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Week-end Crossword No. 253

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 255, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on June 25.



ACROSS

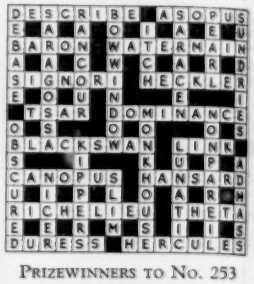
1. Islands and a human being (7).
5. Pitches for men with caps perhaps? (7).
9. Name in the coalfield for drinks (5).
10. The old musician is soft about an artist including a piano (9).
11. Confine one after the other, by the sound of it (6).
12. They were relegated although their left-half was cleaner (8).
14. The destruction of the Russian city would make the Poles boast (10).
15. "A headstrong, moody, murmuring race" (Dryden) (4).
18. Rush for a film man (4).
19. Fabulous monster or bird at the food (10).
22. Reverse a certain piece about me for the Emperor (8).
24. Object to sounding friends (6).
26. Undrinkable port or spirit (9).
27. Imitating a sound (5).
28. Branch of gardening which represents work the reverse of first class in the endeavour (7).
29. Stipend before the change of direction (7).

DOWN

1. Tries to get a job for me among the fruit (7).
2. The place for those who want their money on board (9).
3. Halve the start and there would be anguish for this lover (8).
4. Message for the climbing school (4).
5. Fortifications ensuring that the land is not sacked? (10).
6. Furniture with fibres inside it (6).
7. One must add a lot of paper to make this out in the river (5).
8. Rises for Howard and company (7).
13. Patent medicine which goes to no place in Suffolk (10).
16. Abbreviate and rearrange the item with poise (9).
17. Printing strike? (8).
18. Withdraw what one has said about a pamphlet (7).
20. In rising rank a Frenchman appeared (7).
21. The hostile force of an underarm maiden (6).
23. Town which has a trophy after a bye (5).
25. Beat friends up (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 253



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 253

J. G. E. Bedford (London, W.12), D. K. Hale (Teddington), Mrs. B. Brooman (Bristol, 8).

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND.

Vacancy: Assistant Director of Census and Statistics

Central African Statistical Office
Ministry of Finance.

Candidates must be at least 35, and hold a degree with First or Second Class Honours (or equivalent qualification) in Statistics, or in Mathematics, Economics or other appropriate subject, with a course in Statistics. A sound knowledge of National Accounts and modern sampling methods is required.

Salary: £2,250 p.a.

Application forms and further details from Secretary (R), Rhodesia House, 429 Strand, London, W.C.2. Closing date July 13.

B.B.C. requires General Programme Producer in Bangor. Duties include preparation and production of programmes of varying types both studio and outside broadcasts. Necessary qualifications: good general education, thorough knowledge of Welsh, close familiarity with North Wales in particular and Welsh affairs in general, good microphone voice. Enterprise and initiative in formulating programme ideas and in exploiting programme resources of the area are important. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.226, N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

SENIOR Chemical Engineer, Jamaica. A qualified chemical engineer with 5-10 years' production experience is required for rapidly expanding chemical industry. Basic training will be given so that successful candidate can learn operation. He will then be expected to assume a position of considerable responsibility. Top salary commensurate with experience. Age 30-40. Three months home leave every three years. Write Box Y.347, c/o Streets, 110 Old Broad Street, E.C.2.

CATERPILLAR Sales Manager. Applications are invited from men who have had practical experience in selling Caterpillar equipment. Previous overseas experience is not essential but it would be desirable. Vacancy is located in the Caribbean area, and the position carries a very good salary with home leave every two to three years. Write Box Y.348, c/o Streets, 110 Old Broad Street, E.C.2.

THE National Council of Social Service invites applications for post in London C.S.S. Information Dept. to service Citizens' Advice Bureaux. Knowledge of statutory and voluntary work in London essential; degree or Social Science qualification advantage. Starting salary £550; four weeks' holiday; superannuation. Application form from L.C.S.S., 7 Bayley St., Bedford Sq., W.C.1, to be returned by June 30, 1957.

TUTORS in English required for Italian boys in London. Mornings only at £4 4s. per week. 15 hours p.w. Box 2996.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Post of responsibility. Holland Park School, Campden Hill Road, W.8. Headmaster, C. A. A. Clarke, B.A. Deputy Headmistress required for this new secondary school for boys and girls expected to open September, 1958, to take up duty to assist in preliminary planning April, 1958. School will offer a wide variety of studies, academic and practical, some leading to G.C.E. (all levels). Ample provision for studies in commerce, engineering, needlecraft, photography, music and for general courses. Person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and strong interest in whole field of secondary education, is sought. Burnham (London) scale salary with allowance of £450 a year. Form EO/TS10(SR) from and returnable to Divisional Officer, 131 Holland Park Avenue, W.11 (s.a.e. f'scap), within two weeks. (1059.)

NORTHAMPTON College of Advanced Technology, London. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Liberal Studies—a new appointment, permanent, pensionable, offering considerable scope for a man of energy and wide interests. The successful candidate will be required to give courses of lectures in appropriate subjects and will be responsible for organising liberal studies throughout the College. Salary on Burnham London Technical Scale, £1,386 by £50 to £1,598 p.a. Forms and further particulars from the Secretary at St. John Street, London, E.C.1.

LONDON County Council. Post of Responsibility. Wandsworth School, Sutherland Grove, S.W.18 (for 2,000 boys, being built up from a grammar school and including engineering and building technical courses and variety of modern courses). Deputy Headmaster required in January. Candidates should possess broad educational outlook and experience, and enterprising approach to teaching methods and school organisation; they will be expected to adduce evidence of these attributes from their present and earlier work. Burnham (London) scale salary, with allowance of £500 a year. Form EO/TS10(SR) from (s.a.e. f'scap.) Divisional Officer, St. John's Hill, S.W.11, and returnable to head at school within two weeks. (1006).

HERTFORDSHIRE Education Committee. Hertfordshire & Essex High School, Bishop's Stortford. Required in September or January, resident Mistress to teach part-time in Grammar School (any subject, academic or non-academic) and to undertake supervision under the House Mistress of the Boarding House (30 girls). Full Burnham Scale. Full particulars can be obtained from the Head Mistress, to whom application should be made.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Non-Nursing Matron reqd. at Hurtwood School, Peaslake, nr. Guildford, Surrey, which accommodates 36 junior deaf children. Salary £369-£415 2s. 6d. p.a., plus res. accom. £225 10s. in return for supervisory duties. Prescribed conditions. Application forms from Chief Education Officer (GP/EB), 10 Great George St., Westminster, S.W.1. (Quote V351.) Canvassing disqualifies.

WANTED, September or sooner. Resident woman to take charge of 5 to 8-year-olds in small progressive day and boarding school, within 15 miles of London. Experience necessary but warm personality and genuine love of children more important than high qualifications. Salary reasonable but less than Burnham. Box 3159.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EAST Sussex County Council. Children's Home, 1 Manor Close, Uckfield. Applications are invited from married couples for this family group home for nine school age children, the wife to act as housemother (annual salary £379 5s.-£440 15s less £115 16s. 6d. for board residence), and the husband to follow his normal employment with free board and lodging in return for some evening and week-end assistance. The appointment of housemother is superannuable and subject to medical examination. Appl. forms and particulars (s.a.e.) obtainable from Children's Officer, County Hall, Lewes.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Committee. Part-time Psychotherapist reqd. at Uxbridge Child Guidance Centre. 2½-6 High Street, Uxbridge, for four sessions p. wk. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised training, and/or equivalent experience in Child Psychotherapy. Payment: £2 10s. p. 3 hr. session. Prescribed conditions. Application forms from Chief Education Officer, 10 Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.1, returnable by July 5 (Quote V.350, N.S.N.).

FAMILY Service Units' pioneer service for "problem families," developing rapidly with official support, has vacancies for social workers in London and several provincial cities. Exacting but rewarding work, affording unique experience and thorough training in family casework. Social science training and previous experience of social work desirable but not essential. Resident and non-resident posts, for men and women. Non-resident scale £425/£25/£650; children's allowances; pension scheme. A few senior posts, with wide scope and interesting prospects, at higher salaries, available for suitably qualified and experienced caseworkers. Write to Secretary, F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, N.1.

SALES Statistics—the statistical section of our Marketing Dept. require the services of a young man age 25 or thereabouts, with an aptitude for and some experience in statistical work principally connected with Sales Analyses produced by automatic punched card system. The position is a responsible one involving work of a varied and interesting nature with ample scope for advancement. Contributory Pension Scheme, staff luncheon facilities. Form of application from Personnel Manager, Cerebos, Ltd., Cerebos House, Willesden, N.W.10.

PETER Jones Estate Office require experienced Negotiator for busy town department. Excellent opportunity for keen man. Basic pay £400-£600 p.a., plus commission. Applications, in confidence, to Staff Engager, Peter Jones, Sloane Square, S.W.1.

NATIONAL Book League requires immediately Assistant for Education Secretary. Shorthand/typing. Interesting work, driving an advantage. Holiday arrangements respected. Salary according to experience, luncheon vouchers. 7 Albemarle St., W.1. HYD. 9001.

CAN you intelligently supervise the operational routine of a busy office; deal with frantic 'phones (and phoneys!), under constant high pressure and at dizzy speed? If so, you may find an interesting post with an opportunity to make progress—if you can stand the pace that thrills! Please write briefly, giving outline of past experience and salary sought. Box 3265.

ASSISTANT required with organising ability and experience for holiday group of French and English boys and girls, 10-16. Home Counties. Box 3026.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ST. MARY'S Hospital, Paddington, W.2. Part-time Clerk/Typist required in the Chemical Pathology Laboratory for duty each afternoon and alternate Saturday morning. Shorthand an advantage. Salary for 22-hour week—£222 per annum, at age 26 and over. Apply in writing, giving age, experience and the names of two referees, to Alan Powditch, House Governor.

NAT. Assoc. Tenants & Residents need expd. office worker all duties. Good typing essntl., shorthand desirable. 30 hrs. week. Wages £6. Write to N.A.T.R., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., London, W.2.

IRVING Theatre reqs. part-time Typist, from 9-2. Salary £4. Ring WHI. 8657.

JUNIOR shorthand-typist needed by West End book publishers. Interesting work. Good prospects. Ring Miss Bloomfield, Regent 1985 or write Box 3249.

SECRETARY, 30's, with initiative & good educational background, for Cultural Counsellor of Embassy. Salary £520. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. HUN. 0676.

SECRETARY sh./typist to help organise publication of articles on buildings in leading architectural weekly: specialist knowledge not so important as organising ability and initiative. Please send details exp., age and present salary to Box 2958.

ASSISTANTS with some knowledge of crafts required for new handicrafts showroom. Congenial surroundings and good prospects. Apply The Manageress, Dryad Handicrafts, 93 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

WEDDED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists, partially housebound, yearning to earn, can collect 32s. per day 10-5, £8 for 30-hour week: more hours, more pay, from Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

HOLIDAY relief work for shorthand and copy typists, few days a week or longer. Details Cranbourn Agency, 42 Cranbourn St., Leicester Sq. GER. 3249.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ACCURATE typist, experienced Emidicta, stencil, technical and medical work, seeks position allowing some time off during school holidays, in return for later hours during term-time. Box 3209.

SECRETARY/stenographer, press & script exp., av. by day, hr. SPE. 4191 aft. Sat.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27gns.; weekly boarders, 30gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

KING Alfred School (F.1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, N.W.11.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (SWI. 3391.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chiltern Hills, 750ft.) Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A.(Oxon).

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-education, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

PERSONAL

FOSTER-home wanted for Michael, a 15-year-old boy of good intelligence, who is at present in employment, but who has some personality problems for which he is receiving skilled advice. His treatment would be greatly helped if he could share the home of sympathetic and understanding couple. Full particulars from Area Children's Officer (D.B.), 239 Balham High Road, S.W.17. (1042.)

RETIRED Civil Servant with experience social work offers voluntary regular help as treasurer or similar function. Box 2918.

BACHELOR Socialist (35) reqs. companion (m.), Galway holiday. Fly July 28, return Aug. 11 (all-in cost £30). Box 2994.

YUGOSLAV boy, 22, gd. family, wishes stay w. Eng. family on exch. basis. July & Aug. pref. Apply direct: Dr. Bogdanovich Dimy, Novi Sad, Kozacinskog 4, Yugoslavia.

TEACHER (f.), 22, would accept small remuneration, in return interesting post. July-Aug. Pref. abroad. Box 3118.

SUIT writer, artist, gardener. Flat in small Georgian house, glorious surroundings, Anglesey. 2 rooms, kitchen, bath, small workroom/studio. £2,000. Box 2998.

MOTHER of 3 needs locum, approx. Aug. 16-Sept. 21 while away for 4th. Live in or out. Other help available. CHI. 5585.

TEACHERS' 2 rooms, ckg. fac. Suit 2 people seeking cheap holiday Cen. Lon. July 28-Aug. 31. £3 15s. p. wk. Box 3138.

FAMILY, 2 or 3 adults, 2 children, urgently require holiday accom. near sandy beach first 2 or 3 weeks Aug. Box 3115.

YOUNG man, stammerer, offered bachelor accom., S. London. Box 3096.

ART graduate (m.), 21, seeks £150 by November, interesting job; at sea if possible but anything considered. Box 3052.

MAN, speaking English, German, going French holiday course Strasbourg, sks. commission or company. Box 3251.

TYPOGRAPHY. Letterheadings. Adverts. designed by expert. Reas. Box 3202.

NAPLES, Posillipo; Englishman lets elegantly furnished 4-room flat in villa, garden. 5 minutes sea; all modern conveniences, maid available, July-September. Ideal rest. £60 per month, payable England. Frank, Via Torre Ranieri 7, Naples.

ENGLISH couple offer bed & breakfast in modern panoramic flat overlooking Palma Bay. Write: Sieve, Calle Teniente Mulet 93, El Terreno, Palma de Mallorca.

GOUDHURST—Exciting holidays, English and Continental young people over 12 at Pinehurst International Centre. Tuition in English if required. Apply: Sec., Pinehurst, Goudhurst, Kent. Tel. Goudhurst 316.

CHILDREN'S Seaside Camping Holiday, I.o.W. Aug. Age 11-plus. Dr. Ostergaard, 12 Park Drive, N.W.11. SPE. 2509.

SUMMER Camp at Sorrento, July 30-August 22, 1957. Inclusive price 30 gns. 33 gns., depending on numbers. Open to boys and girls aged 11-18. For further details apply The Secretary, Burgess Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, London, N.W.3 or telephone HAMpstead 2019 in school hours. Closing date July 1.

CHILDREN over 10 welcomed to mix with children from France for summer months in Woodland Property in Chilterns (800ft). Information from The Town & Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent Hse., Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets. & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

THE most interesting selection of records of Folk Music from many lands is now on sale at Collet's Record Shop, 70 New Oxford St., London, W.1. Soviet, Polish, Czech., Rumanian, American. Also complete operas, soloists and orchestral work and a unique Jazz Section. Come and hear them!

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

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